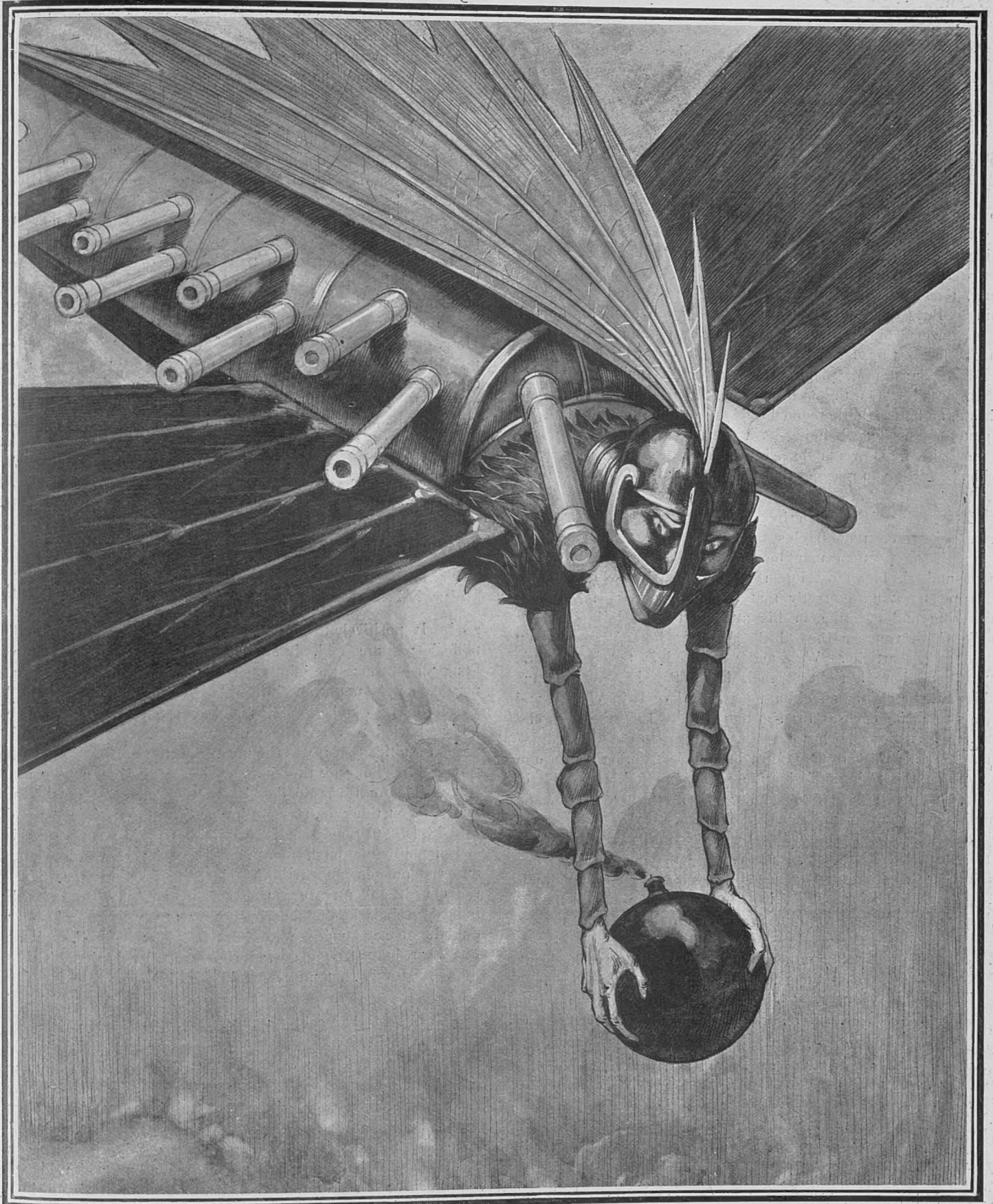


The Sketch

No. 862.—Vol. LXVII.

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 4, 1909.

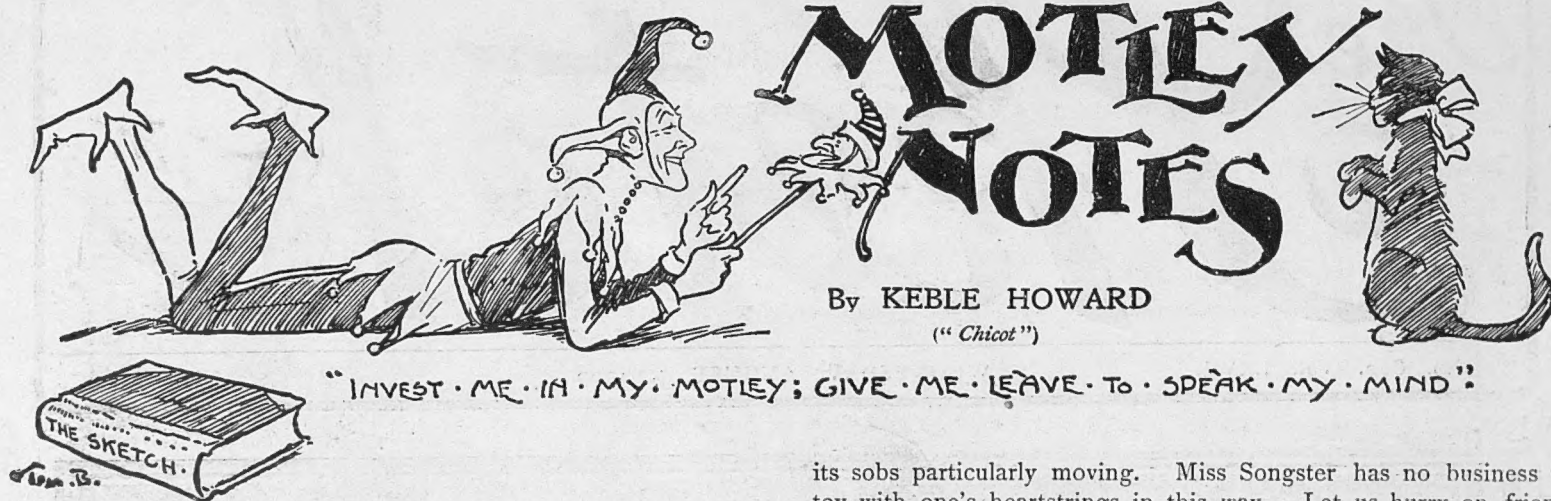
SIXPENCE.



HUSH! HUSH! HUSH! HERE COMES THE BOGEY BIRD: THE SCARE-OH PLANE.

As might, perhaps, have been expected, M. Blériot's flight across the Channel has resulted in a revival of those invasion scares that were so prevalent recently in connection with dirigibles, and there seem to be a good many people who cannot sleep o' nights for fear that enemies, skimming into England like a flight of all-devouring locusts, drop bombs outside their doors.

DRAWN BY DUDLEY TENNANT.



The Sunshiny Husband.

Are you, friend the male reader, a Sunshiny Husband? If you profess that you have no precise notion as to what sort of a husband that may be, your ignorance convicts you of paying scant attention to the "Home Page" of your evening journal. On that page, Miss Margaret Songster has been at pains to tell you of "Types of Men Who Make the Home Miserable or Happy." Which are you? Read on and learn. "There is a good deal of variety among husbands," says Miss Songster. "One could almost declare with safety that no two are precisely alike. They all start in the beginning with an outfit of love, faith, and hope." There is nothing mean, you observe, about Miss Songster. She is ready to admit, eagerly, that you started well. Also that you started at the beginning. But to continue. "They have chosen each for himself the one woman in the world in whom is embodied everything beautiful, fascinating, and desirable." Will your wife be annoyed with Miss Songster for placing to your credit such lofty ideals? Assuredly not! "On the wedding day, the groom is eclipsed by the bride, and though there could be no wedding without him"—this generosity is overwhelming—"it is a little pathetic to notice how inevitably he is overshadowed by the charms of the woman at his side." Little you guessed that you had all Miss Songster's pity!

The Spectre on the Doorstep.

So much by way of preface. Miss Songster now begins to get her teeth into you. "A man may be upright, honourable, just, and virtuous, and still be a most imperfect husband." Don't run away. "It happens not unfrequently that a man of austere rectitude is domineering and exacting in his attitude to the little group at home." Can't you see the "little group at home" mopping up Miss Songster's article? Well, and what of it? Surely the little group at home have a right to their Home Page! "While virtue should never be elastic, affection must deal largely in charity, and be ready to make excuses for shortcomings." Exit the "good" husband. Miss Songster has next a word to say to the "jolly dog." "There are men who are marvels of bonhomie to other men whom they meet on the train, and who are ready with a honeyed bit of gallantry"—do you blush and stammer, Sir?—"when they meet a woman friend, but who are changed into spectres of gloom when they turn their own latch-key." Domestic Jekylls and Hydes, in short. But Jekyll and Hyde, I fancy, made the change in private. Miss Songster's jolly dogs become spectres of gloom on the doorstep. This little trick, whilst it may cause amusement to the neighbours, must often frighten the horse of the baker.

Gagging the Babe.

Being rather tickled by the spectral husband, Miss Songster plays with the subject a little longer. "There is no hearty laugh for wife and children." Surely, surely, friend the reader, you burst into shrieks of merriment directly you get home from the City? If you don't, lie upon you! "There is scarcely the attempt to overcome depression." Why shun the decanter? "Melancholy marks this type of man for her own as soon as his own door closes behind him." Oh! Melancholy is not quite sure of him, after all, when he turns his latchkey. "Meals are taken in silence, boys slip out into friendly darkness and scuttle down the street to find companions at the corner." Can it be possible that they prefer tops or marbles to smoking a quiet pipe with daddy? "Even the babies cry softly when a cross father and an austere husband diffuse shadows instead of sunshine." This is the shrewdest blow of all. The very child in its cot is afraid to cry aloud when the spectre has come in at the door. The poor little thing is compelled to cry softly. I find the picture of the babe muffling

its sobs particularly moving. Miss Songster has no business to toy with one's heartstrings in this way. Let us hurry on, friend the reader, to the picture of the Sunshiny Husband. Will you, I wonder, claim it as your own portrait?

Purer than Sunshine.

"A sunshiny husband lifts the tone of a house and makes the very air cheery and joyous. His children hang about him with caresses and confidence, and his wife in her blooming matronhood is prettier than when she was a girl." If, therefore, her matronhood is *not* blooming, or she is *not* prettier than when she was a girl, it is perfectly obvious that you do not come under the heading of a sunshiny husband. We pass on to the Perfect Husband. Cling with both hands! "The perfect husband is one who never, even by accident, hurts the feelings of his wife—one who is always ready to praise and never quick to blame what goes on in the house." Here, of course, Miss Songster is deliberately setting up the highest possible standard. "He does not find fault at the table, although the coffee may be muddy, the steak burnt to a chip, or almost raw, and the bread uneatable." Why not prolong the list? Or the beds damp, or the chimney on fire, or the cook drunk, or the housemaid eloped, or the ink in the whisky, or the salt in the wine, or the vinegar in the beer, or the dog in the oven, or the baby up the chimney, or the broker's men in the drawing-room, or the carpets sold, or the silver stolen, or the pictures hacked to ribbons, or the overmantel in the bath-room, or the cistern in the back garden. Quite easy, Miss Songster.

Blame? Never!

But hear a story of a Certain Perfect Husband. It is the most convincing thing I have ever read. It positively tingles with truth. "I once sat at a dinner-table"—we are still, I should mention, with Miss Margaret Songster—"where the joint was so tough that no one could possibly masticate it"—not even little Fido?—"and the lady of the house looked on with quivering lips and eyes that filled with tears as her husband tried to carve the unfortunate piece of meat." We may pause to notice that it was the meat, not the husband, that won the pity of Miss Songster this time. "'One would fancy that you were responsible for this, my dear,' was the comment of this angelic man." You think he was getting at her about the meat? Not a bit of it! "'Nobody can be blamed if tough meat is occasionally sent home by the butcher, and I will not let you feel in the least annoyed on account of this.' Here," Miss Songster adds, "was the courtly gallantry of a true gentleman." A true gentleman, indeed! Had the butcher been present at the meal, he would doubtless have wrung the honest fellow by the hand, and thanked him heartily for having spared some worthier husband that tough joint—so tough that no one could possibly masticate it.

Fine Fun for the Finish.

Over the Fidgety Husband, Miss Songster grows delightfully flippant. You might not have credited her, up to this point, with a very keen sense of humour, but wait until she has summed up for you the Fidgety Husband. Admitting that the subject is a promising one, it is not everybody who would have handled it so delicately, so airily, so gracefully as this irresistible writer. "The fidgety husband makes everyone around him ill at ease. He may be an admirable citizen, but as a husband he is an exaggerated mustard-plaster." *An exaggerated mustard-plaster!* Delightful! What joy for the "little group at home!" What a scoop for the Home Page! Really, Miss Songster ought to write constantly about husbands. It is evidently her subject. She may be said, indeed, to have put her seal upon it. Give us more, dear lady—much, much more!

ADOPTED BY AN ENGLISH FAMILY:
A WELL-BROUGHT-UP MONKEY.



1. AN AFTER-LUNCHEON CIGARETTE.

2. A LITTLE PAINTING.

3. SOME READING.

4. ROLLER-SKATING EXERCISE.

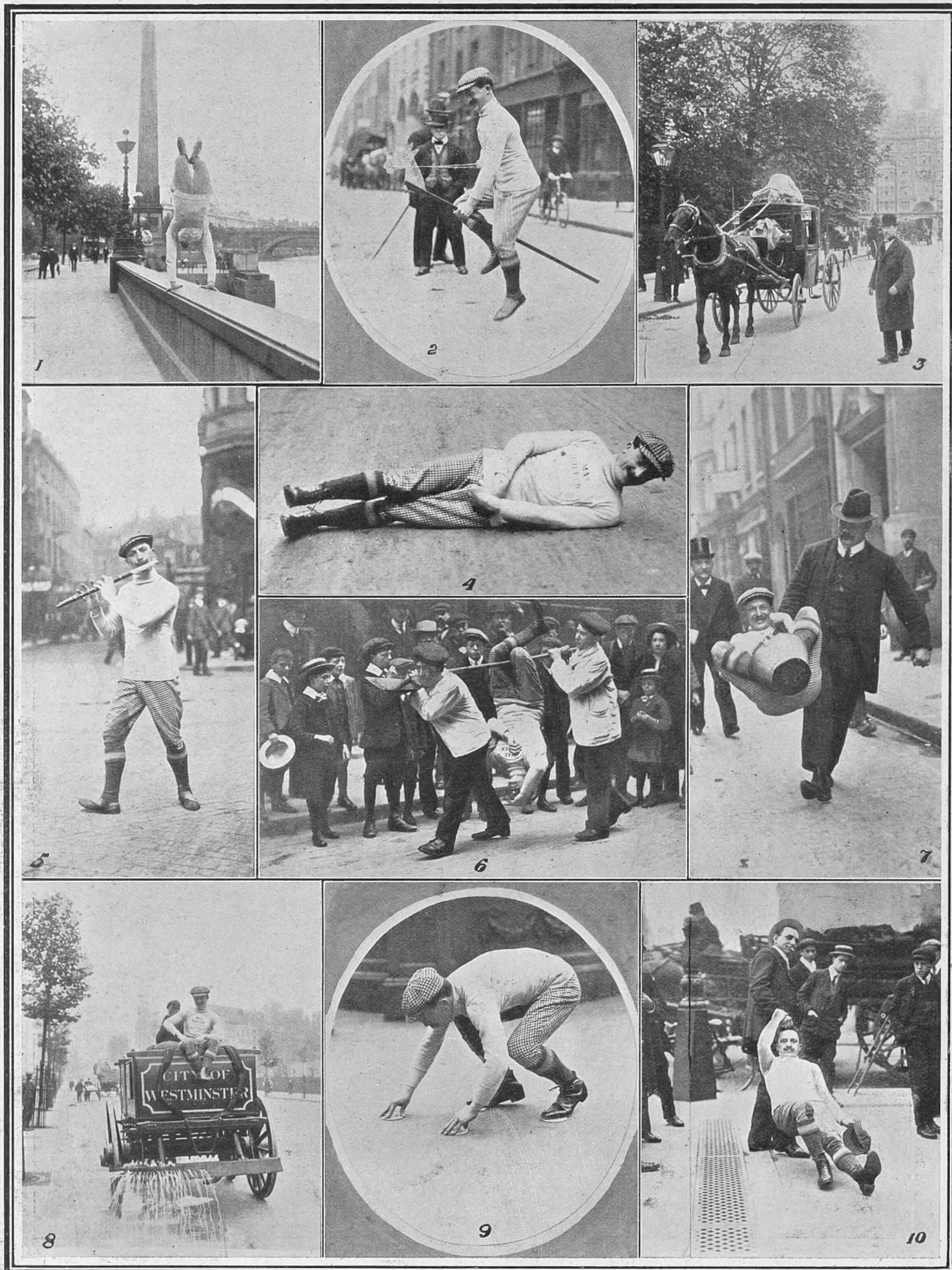
5. A SPELL OF SEWING.

6, 7, and 8. READY FOR SOCIAL DUTIES.

The monkey is not a performer on the music-hall stage. Its parents were shot in Africa. It was conveyed to England, and was brought up in a private family. It mimics those about it with great fidelity.

THE MILLION AIR MAN: HIS WINNING WAYS.

SEEKING TO MOVE ROUND THE WORLD IN A MILLION WAYS: MAX DUFFEK IN LONDON.



1. WALKING ALONG THE EMBANKMENT PARAPET ON HIS HANDS.

2. RIDING A HOBBY-HORSE, NEAR LEICESTER SQUARE.

3. DRIVING A GROWLER WHILE IN "CONTORTIONS," IN LEICESTER SQUARE.

4. ROLLING ALONG THE ROAD IN PICCADILLY.

5. WALKING WHILE PLAYING A FLUTE.

6. BEING CARRIED BY SCAVENGER BOYS.

7. CARRIED BY A MAN AND WITH HIS FEET IN A BUCKET.

8. RIDING ON A WATER-CART IN KINGSWAY.

9. WALKING ON "LAGER-BEER MATS."

10. BEING "DRAGGED" ALONG BY THE HAIR IN PICCADILLY.

Max Duffek, as we noted in our paper some time ago, is endeavouring to travel round the world in a million different ways in order to win a bet. He is now in London.

DEVOURING LOVE: THE REAL MEXICAN KISS.



THE GENUINE MOUTH-TO-MOUTH KISS, AS PRACTISED (ACCORDING TO AMERICA) IN MEXICO—
NONE OTHER IS WORTH HAVING.

Our photograph shows Miss Crosby Little and Mr. E. L. Fernandez in "Going Some" (and going some) at the Belasco Theatre, New York.

Photograph by Hall.

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EVELEIGH NASH. The Romance of Beauty. Roy Horniman. 6s. The Coming of Aurora. Mrs. P. Champion de Crespigny. 6s.	HENRY J. DRANE. A Dog's Life in Burma. By the Dog. 3s. 6d.
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CONSTABLE. The Shadow of the Cathedral. Vincent Blasco Ibanez. Translated by Mrs. W. A. Gillespie. 6s.	STANLEY PAUL. Gay Lawless. Helen Mathers. 7s. net. Brother Rogue and Brother Saint. Tom Gallon. 7s. net.

TO ARTISTS, AUTHORS, AND PHOTOGRAPHERS.

TO ARTISTS.

Every Drawing sent to "The Sketch" is considered purely on its merits. Published drawings will not be returned except by special arrangement. Every drawing submitted must bear the name and address of the artist, and be fully titled.

TO AUTHORS.

The Editor is always open to consider short stories (up to three thousand words in length), illustrated articles of a topical or general nature, and original jokes. Stories are paid for according to merit: general articles and jokes at a fixed rate.

TO PHOTOGRAPHERS.

In submitting Photographs, contributors are requested to state whether (a) such photographs have been previously published, (b) they have been sent to any other paper, and (c) they are copyright or non-copyright. With regard to reproduction, clear silver prints are the most suitable. No published photograph will be returned unless a special arrangement is made to that effect. The name and address of the sender must be written carefully on the back of each photograph submitted, and each print must be fully titled.

Photographs of new and original subjects—English, Colonial, and Foreign—are particularly desired.

SPECIAL NOTE TO AMATEURS.

The Editor will be glad to consider photographs of beautiful landscapes, buildings, etc., and will pay at the customary rate for any used. Photographs of comparatively unknown "sights" are preferred to prints of well-known and continually photographed places.

GENERAL NOTICES.

Every care will be taken of contributions submitted to the Editor, and every endeavour made to return rejected contributions to their senders; but the Editor will not accept responsibility for the accidental loss, damage, destruction, or long detention of manuscripts, drawings, paintings, or photographs sent for his approval.

Contributors desirous of knowing the kind of work that is most likely to be accepted are advised to study the pages of the paper.

No use will be made of circular matter.

All stories and articles should be type-written.

With a view to preventing any possible misunderstanding on the subject, the Editor desires to make it quite clear that under no circumstances does an offer of payment influence the insertion of portraits in "The Sketch," nor has it ever done so.

"SKETCH" EDITORIAL OFFICES, MILFORD LANE, STRAND, W.C.

PUBLISHING OFFICE: 172, STRAND, W.C.

TITLE-PAGE AND INDEX.

The Title-page and Index of Volume Sixty-six (from April 14 to July 7, 1909) of THE SKETCH can be had, Gratis, through any Newsagent, or direct from the Publishing Office, 172, Strand, London.

BRUMMELL

IDIOT & PHILOSOPHER

By COSMO HAMILTON

Changes—Well! No longer an island, eh? Well, there it is. No good talkin' about it. We must make up our minds about it, revolutionise our popular songs, sell *Dreadnoughts* for scrap-iron, make a handsome present of the Admiralty to the Plymouth Brethren, pension off the Jolly Jack, find a new job for Mr. Haldane, let the new War Office as an annexe of the Automobile Club, sell the British uniforms to the Mayors and Corporations of Bath, Cheltenham, and Chelsea for pageant purposes, presenting specimens to the British Museum and the South Kensington Museum, and set all our unemployed defenders to work on nuts, winches, and other weirdly-named implements as hard as we jolly well can. For b'Jove and b'George, we've got it in the neck—Biff! Oh, such a biff! We're no longer an island, we're a little rock in the middle of the sea, most conveniently placed as a temporary dropping-place for fliers of all nations, no entrance-fee asked, no passports necessary. Britannia, who has guarded our shores in a Maud Allan costume for a very lengthy period, may take an engagement at a music-hall. Submarines, mines, and all those other playful little affairs which have been in the habit of givin' the goo-goo to mermaids, may now be used for shoein' horses, and I, dear old Bee, must turn my attention at once to designing a costume suitable for the monoplane, something that won't bag at the knee; and if that isn't man's work, tell me what is.

Fairly Funked, What?

You may think, from these preliminaries, that I am jocular. What? Disabuse your mind of that fact. I'm talking with frog-in-the-throat. I may tell you at once that I'm in the deadiest funk I've ever been in in my life, and I've been in some—once or twice pretty bad ones, believe me. The moonlight-night-style type of funk; the starlight, punty funk to the sound of the nightingale and the water over the weir, and a melancholy cove singing "L'Amour" to the tinkle of the banjo in the distance; and Her in a white frock, V-shaped, both sides, talkin' practical things about a little house in Park Street because of that one First Kiss. Oh, Lord, Lord! and the days that are no more! Well—and if

this little pæan don't prove to you the terribly shaken condition of my nerves, I must pass you by as hopeless or untravelled or too young, or something. Let's be brave, let's face the position like tight little Englishmen who once lived on an island, and ruled the waves, and ate roast beef, and generally went in for buckin'.

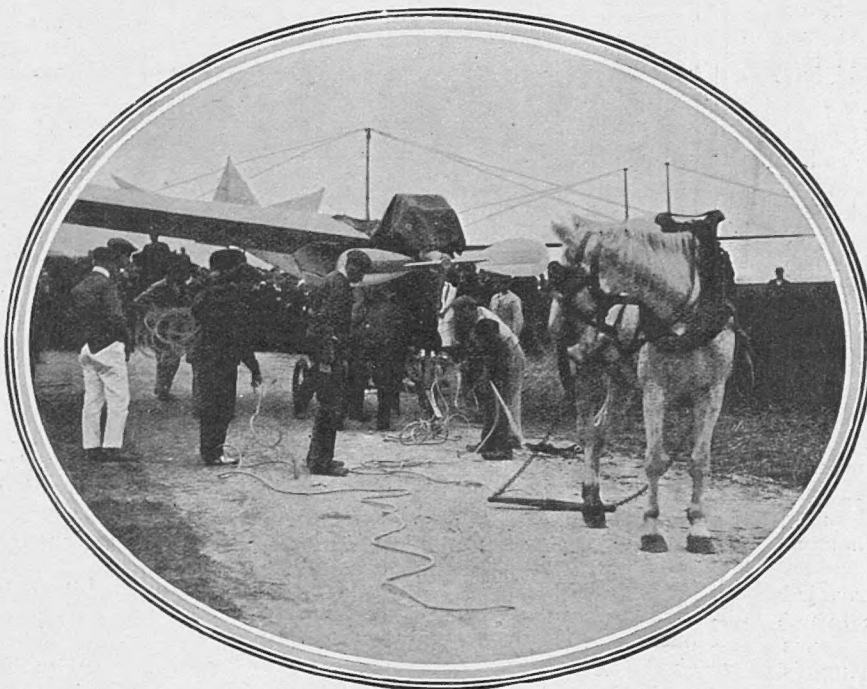
Let's look at the bright side of things, Bees all, and sell our Daimlers for a Blériot forty-wind-power air-gee, and make a brave show. These are breezy times; but fly we must, whether we like it or not.

It's dashed Lookin' Up. jumpy work, though. Since Monday week, every time I've prowled forth into St. James's Street I've expected to see an ungainly-lookin' cross between a daddy longlegs and a broken perambulator bearin' the eagle of the German Emperor, droppin' gently in front of Boodle's for a sausage-and-mashed. Every time I've gone right out to the Serpentine for a long country walk for the sake of the waist-line and to see the sheep and the rulers of the Empire lyin' asleep on the grass, waitin' for the time when Lloyd-George shall hand over to them our parental parks and broad acres, I've looked fearfully around for the bombs that

will be dropped upon us by rampant socialists, the pamphlets that will inevitably fall from Mrs. Pankhurst's aeroplane, and the empty champagne bottles that will fall from the Vanderbilt flyin' barge with stained-glass windows, electric light, and young Oxford

smokin' Vanderbuggins's cigars on the poop. For, mind you, these things are now dead certain. Solid ground has become dodo-like. Taxis are over. The electric landalette is no longer smart. You and I, if we want to cut a dash, must aero forth to lunch, aero out to Ranelagh, aero down to Brighton, and even aero from St. James's Street to Regent Street for a shave and brush-up. To say things are lookin' up is now no truism. We are all lookin' up, for the

simple reason that if we look down we may, 'tis true, avoid a tumble into an area, and miss the playful brickbat from the aero. I leave you to think it over, and return to my writin'-block to go on designin' a non-blowaway topper in which to call on Mrs. Bee in Berkeley Square.



"WHAT THE DICKENS ARE THEY ASKING ME TO PULL NOW?" A HORSE, ABOUT TO BE HITCHED TO AN AEROPLANE, IS CURIOUS.

Photograph by Illustrations Bureau.



STRENUOUS WORK AT SANGATIE: SAVING THE "WILESS" FROM THE GALES.

Photograph by Illustrations Bureau.



The Duke of
Connaught's
Resignation.

Mediterranean did not give him a sufficiency of work, sent in his resignation. The Duke, the namesake of the victor at Waterloo, and born on the birthday of the greatest British soldier of the last century, has never been a featherbed soldier; he has served in all ranks and all Staff appointments which could teach him his profession, and those who have served under him can testify that no General ever gave himself more entirely to his duties as a soldier than the Duke has done. It was very generally known in the Army that the Duke felt at one time that his being a royal Prince was a bar to his seeing service, but he saw as much fighting as any other man in the Egyptian campaign. When the Duke of Connaught started for Malta, he thought that he saw his work before him in the standardising of the methods of the various commands, and looked forward to making the troops at Malta and Gibraltar and in Egypt all parts of one great army; but this work must have been more easy than he expected, for difficulties to be overcome would never have led to his resignation. It is to be feared that the quitting of this post means the close of the Duke of Connaught's active connection with the Army, for he has held all the very high appointments except the Commander-in-Chiefship in India, and the present moment would not be a propitious one to send a royal Prince to Calcutta.

K. of K.

strong will and a very outspoken tongue in our midst. Hercules will soon be in Europe, and a very vigorous man never goes anywhere without disturbing placid water. Many people have thought that the Mediterranean command would be an excellent halting-place for K. of K. for five years on his way to England. There is also a very strong wish in India, especially amongst the more warlike races, who admire his hardihood and his inaccessibility, that he should go back to India as Viceroy. But the future of our greatest General on the active list is still on the knees of the gods. It has been suggested that all British Africa, north, south, east, and west, and all our Mediterranean Colonies, should be put under a supreme Commander-in-Chief, but the Cape to Cairo Railway will have

All honour to the Duke of Connaught, who, finding that the newly created post of High Commissioner and Commander-in-Chief in the

to be finished before that suggestion becomes a reality, and in the meantime the man who has always worked harder than any of his fellows is not likely to accept a post relinquished by another General because the work has not been hard enough.

The Red Road.

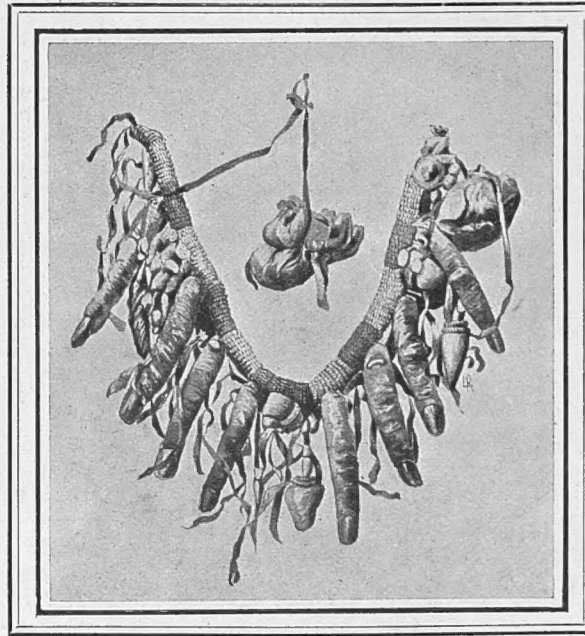
A proposal to erect a statue to Lord Kitchener on the Calcutta maidan has been enthusiastically received by the people, white and brown, in India, and he will no doubt join those great men who, from the backs of their bronze horses, look down at the little men and women of to-day taking their evening airing on the Red Road. The road's name is taken from the colour of the crushed brick of which it is made, and it runs, a crimson ribbon, across the green plain, Calcutta's great breathing place, by the Hugli. On one side of this vast meadow is a forest of masts, for some of the largest four-masted sailing-ships in the world bring salt to Calcutta. On another side are the groves, amidst which are the Zoological Garden and the great house where Warren Hastings ruled, and which is now the home of the Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal. Along a third side are the white-pillared houses of Chowringhee which give Calcutta its name of the City of Palaces, and on the fourth side is Government House, the official residence of the Viceroy.

Spain's New War.

I do not wonder that the mothers and wives of the Spanish soldiers ordered to Melilla wept and wailed when the men marched, and tried to prevent the troop-trains from starting. The memory of the horrors of the war in Cuba is still fresh with the poor people. I was in the south

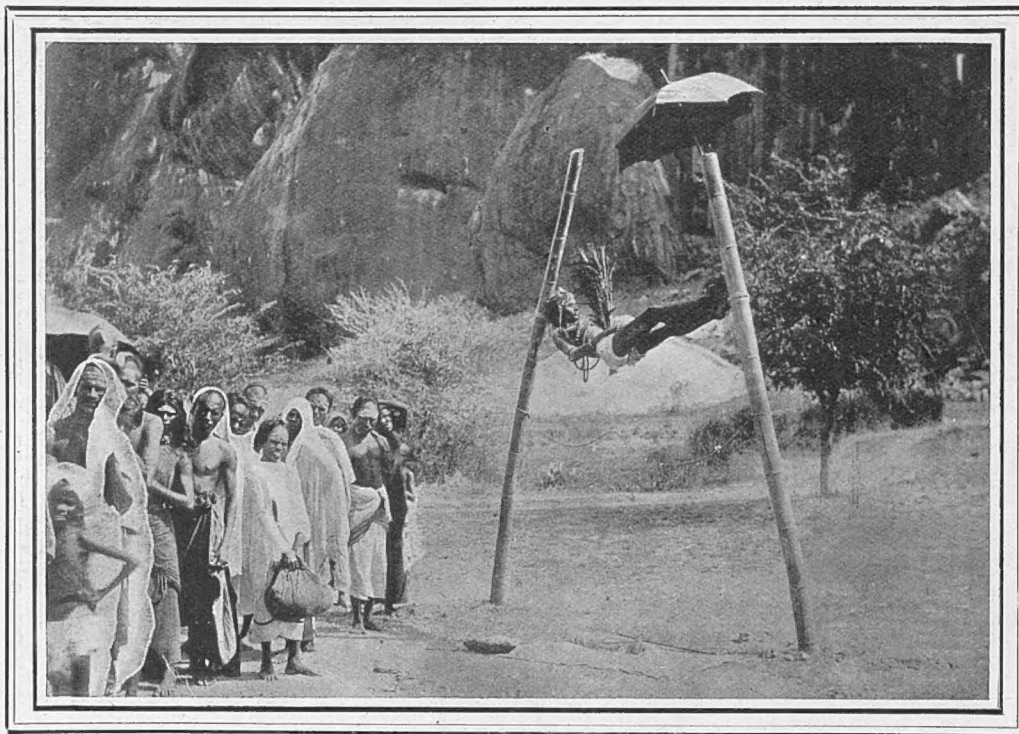
of Spain soon after the return of the troops from the Spanish-American war, and saw some of the starving wounded men who had survived the voyage. The troopships which brought these back from Cuba were over-crowded with men who had only rags of uniform as clothes, who were many of them wounded and were all of them starving. So great were the horrors of the passage that on one of the ships two Sisters of Mercy committed suicide, appalled at their helplessness amidst all the misery. When the men landed, committees were formed in all the cities to give them help. It was pathetic,

but typically Spanish, that the first request of most of these remnants of men was to be given a suit of dark clothes to wear at the bull-fights.



A GRUESOME TROPHY OF THE APACHES—NOT OF PARIS:
A NECKLACE OF HUMAN FINGERS.

This necklace, a trophy that once belonged to Apache Indians, suggests many of those brutal stories of fingers and ears taken from hostages, and sent by brigands to the friends of those held for ransom as a sign of impatience.—[Photograph by Borremans.]



A CURIOUS IDEA OF THE SIMPLE LIFE: A HINDOO ASCETIC LYING ON A SLENDER ROPE
IN THE HOT SUN, DURING A RELIGIOUS FESTIVAL.

By thus torturing himself, the ascetic hopes to gain great merit. Incidentally, he reaps a harvest of small coins.

THE PAINTER OF ALL SOCIETY: "THE MODERN VELASQUEZ."



PAINTER OF BOTH FORM AND CHARACTER: MR. JOHN SINGER SARGENT, R.A.

Mr. John Singer Sargent, R.A., "the modern Velasquez," who seizes not only the form but also the character of his sitter, is an American, born at Florence some fifty years ago. Lord Leighton's encouragement led him to study under Carolus Duran. He has painted wonderful portraits of the Duchess of Portland, the Ladies Acheson, Lord Ribblesdale, Lady (Ian) Hamilton, Miss Laura Lister, and a group of Mr. Percy Wyndham's daughters, and many others. He is shy, disliking society, and when he has an important work on hand he disappears for a time, nobody knows where, and emerges with—a masterpiece! He is still a bachelor. It is twelve years since he was elected R.A.

Photograph by Pundy.



MISS PHYLLIS DOROTHY CHANTER, WHOSE WEDDING TO COMMANDER ROBERT CORBETT IS TO TAKE PLACE TO-MORROW (THE 5TH).

Photograph by Keturah Collings.

Admiral" and his family that was partly responsible for George Meredith's love of the Navy, and for his conferring on Nelson Day the benediction of his verse. The novelist named his only son William Maxse Meredith; and "the Admiral's" own son is the editor of the *National Review* and the great advocate of naval efficiency. Many of the most interesting of the Meredith letters, to be edited by Lord Morley, will be found to be addressed to members of the Maxse family, including "the Admiral's" daughter, Lady Edward Cecil.

Social Engagements.

Arundel Castle is still, metaphorically, wearing crape around its turrets, and the Duchess of Norfolk ("Gwen Norfolk and Herries") went consequently to Payreuth instead of facing the flare of the Goodwood festivities. The Duke and the Duchess, at any time, care as little for sport as, say, another Ducal household in the far North cares for bridge. Lord Leconfield, however, was a prominent Goodwood figure, finding himself again among most of the people who

SMALL TALK

NO better umpire than Colonel Maxse, of the Coldstreamers, could have been found for the Army Manœuvres. Hitherto the name of Maxse has been associated mainly with the Navy. Admiral Maxse was "the Admiral" to all friends of Meredith, who dedicated one of his books to him and made him the hero of another. It was the friendship with "the

The Territorial Tidy.

While Lord Normanton whose seven daughters—he has never a son—circle round him like tall yachts, is conspicuous at Cowes, the Duke of Norfolk, as well as the Duchess, is an absentee. He has been seen, and commanded, under quite different circum-

stances; for, as he did not shirk the hardships of South Africa, he does not avoid the discomforts of camping-out in an English July, and he goes cheerfully to his Territorial duties. Munching a mighty chunk of dry bread, he takes to the Sussex fields with a will, and leaves no crumbs behind him. At least, he leaves no paper-bags: he is too good a lover of the Sussex landscape to untidy it with scraps of paper, and he has proved the value of his word when he declared that his regiment should consume, as best it could, its own refuse.

COMMANDER ROBERT CORBETT, WHOSE WEDDING TO MISS PHYLLIS DOROTHY CHANTER IS TO TAKE PLACE TO-MORROW (THE 5TH).

Photograph by Howe.



DAUGHTER OF LORD AND LADY DE RAMSEY: LADY GUERNSEY.

Lady Guernsey was Miss Gladys Fellowes, the daughter of Lord and Lady de Ramsey, and she has the clear complexion and blue eyes of the Churchill family, which she inherits from her mother. Her marriage to the future Lord Aylesford was one of the principal social events of 1907.

Photograph by Rita Martin.

had attended his dance of the previous week in Chesterfield Gardens, including the young hostess of Goodwood House. His own party at historic Petworth was a bachelor one—a more than ever fugitive qualification this season, which has been signalled by the number and celerity of its engagements. At Mrs. William James's Goodwood house-party, by the way, Miss Nellie Larnach was receiving innumerable felicitations on the announcement of her engagement to Lord and Lady George Nevill's eldest son.

Bets on the Budget.

Mr. Winston Churchill is in the best of spirits. The responsibilities of paternity do not diminish his zest for the fisticuffs of the political arena. His sporting instincts have always been strong; and though Lord George Bentinck gave up the Turf with a "supreme groan" when he became leader of the Protectionists, there is always room for a stake and a bet on the fortunes of the political game. "Mr. Winston" has a belief in the horses that sport the yellow; and he has several bets with backers of the blue on the triumph of Budget at the Parliamentary Goodwood. No odds are given or taken.

"Sir Joseph."

Never was a more prepossessing colonial Prime Minister than Sir Joseph Ward. The wildness of Mr. Seddon had its charm; but Sir Joseph's quiet strength is a greater asset, and on the Terrace or in the lobbies of the House of Commons he has made an army of acquaintances, who all now speak and feel of him as "my friend." Sir Joseph has no bluff, though he was once Chairman of the Bluff Harbour Board. He was knighted eight years ago; and he will not have to wait another eight years for a Baronetcy—if he wants one.



ENGAGED TO THE HON. GUY NEVILL: MISS NELLIE LARNACH.

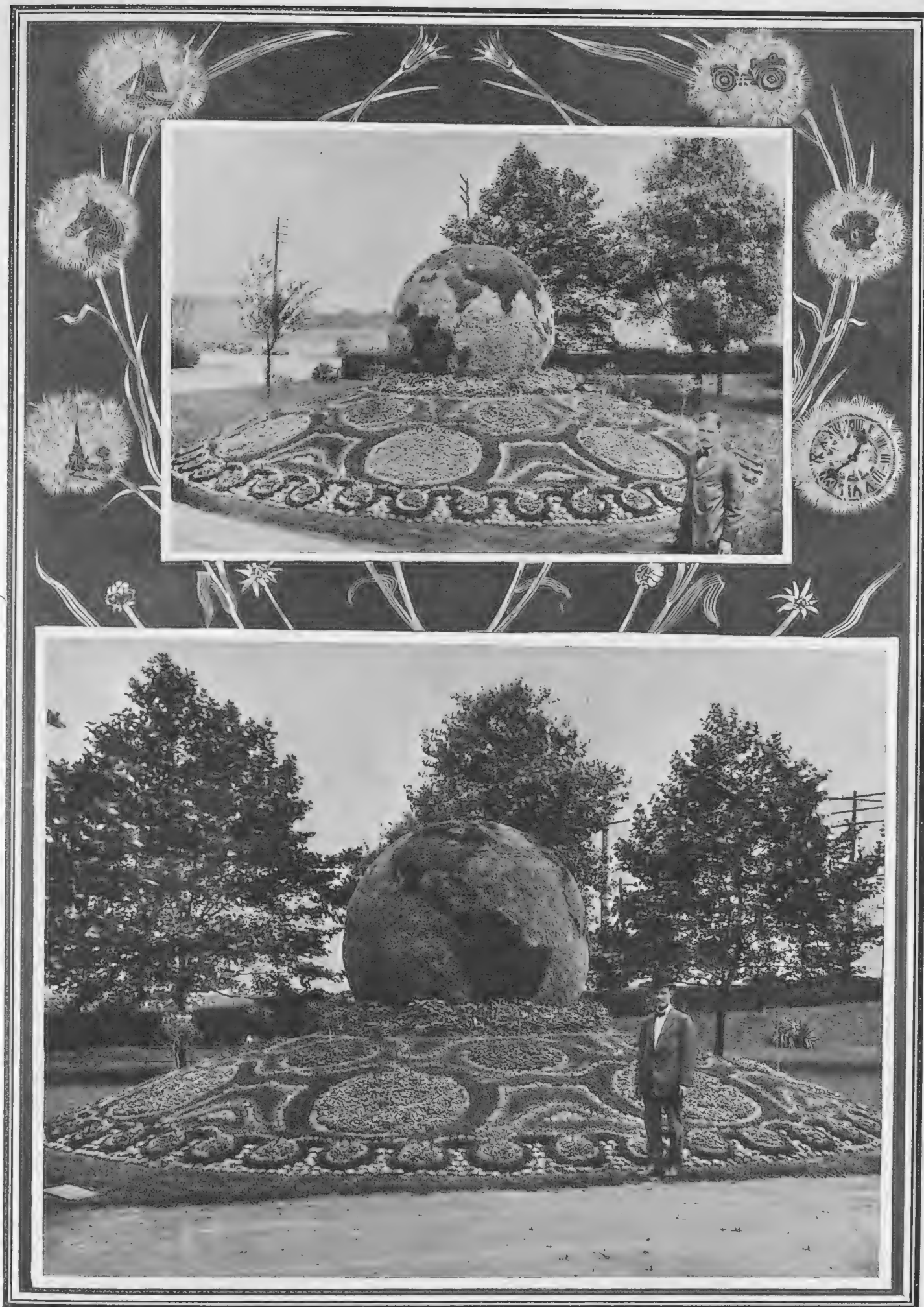
Miss Nellie Larnach, who is engaged to Mr. Guy Nevill, is the youthful daughter of that notable sportsman, Mr. J. W. Larnach. Mr. Nevill was for a time in the Scots Guards, and is the son of Lord and Lady George Nevill. He is the heir-presumptive to the Marquessate of Abergavenny.—*Photograph by Lallie Charles.*



YOUNGER DAUGHTER OF LORD HENRY GROSVENOR: LADY DALMENY.

Lady Dalmeny is the younger daughter of Lord Henry Grosvenor, and is thus the first cousin of the Duke of Westminster. Her marriage to Lord Rosebery's elder son and heir will be remembered for a long time as one of the most brilliant of this year.—*Photograph by Rita Martin.*

OUR WONDERFUL WORLD—OF THIRTY-TWO THOUSAND PLANTS.



THE GLOBE IN FLOWERS: A CURIOSITY OF A ST. LOUIS PARK.

This floral globe, which is to be seen in Bissell's Point Park, is one of the sights of St. Louis. It is eleven feet in diameter, and is so constructed that it can be turned on a vertical axis, and a different portion of its surface be set towards the sun daily. The frame is made of wooden ribs set twenty inches apart at the Equator and converging towards the Poles. It is covered on the inside, and cross strips are placed between the ribs to form pockets to contain the soil as well as to stiffen the construction. Moss is placed over the soil, and both are held firmly in the pockets by wire netting. The lower portion of the globe is watered from the inside by means of perforated pipes, which spray the soil underneath the plants, as it is found that no mere spraying from the outside would be sufficient, though this method is adopted for the upper portion of the globe, as for any ordinary bed. The continents are made of *Azalea* in four colours, while the oceans and the Desert of Sahara are made of *santalina incana* and *sedum* (white rock). Altogether, there are thirty-two thousand plants on the globe, which, with the bed on which it stands, was designed and constructed by Mr. William E. Robinson.



THE HON. VERA BYNG, ONLY SISTER OF LORD TORRINGTON, WHO IS ENGAGED TO MR. SKIPWITH, BROTHER OF LADY GEORGE SEYMOUR.

Miss Vera Byng, who is engaged to Mr. Skipwith, the brother of Lady George Seymour, is the elder sister of the young Lord Torrington, who comes of age next month, and was formerly a page-of-honour to King Edward.
Photograph by Kate Pragnell.

stances, she has offered her own success as an example of the good consequences to be found along the line of least resistance. Meanwhile, the new Spanish Princess, to show that her own preferences are not rock-bound prejudices, has agreed that the children of the marriage, if any, shall follow the religion of their father.

A Park Party. Not for nothing has the Duke of Richmond entertained the King at Goodwood for several years in succession; he is a past-master in the composition of a royal house-party, and last week the occupants of Goodwood House "combined" as successfully as a team of New Zealand footballers. Lord Durham was there, to be bantered for his recent opposition as to the "declaration to win" Turf reform suggested by Lord Cadogan; the Countess of Mar and Kellie, with her own and her frocks' prettiness greatly to commend her, who was also of the party, is, of course, a sister of Lord Shaftesbury, to whom the King has always taken kindly. The recently wedded Lord and Lady Esmé Gordon-Lennox made excellent company for one another, as well as for the rest of the party; and the Marquis de Soveral was inevitably among the numerous guests, who were all most charmingly received by the Duke of Richmond's youngest daughter, Lady Helen Gordon-Lennox.

CROWNS-CORONETS COURTIER

COWES is no water-logged abode for the King: he has made a special point of being sufficiently furnished there with horses and cars. The Prince and Princess of Wales have likewise refused to be subject to the caprice of the waves, and the garage of Barton Manor is full. But all the King's horses and all the King's cars will not draw Princess Beatrice of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha to accept her romantic husband's faith and so restore to him his lost titles and his fleeced Order of the Golden Fleece. At least, such is the present opinion of those who have tested the iron of the young lady's determination. Queen Victoria Eugénie has had her cousin's case very much at heart, and having herself become a Catholic under similar circum-

Ornamental. The agony-column of a morning paper printed the other day the following advertisement: "Lost at their Majesties' State Ball on Friday, July 16, diamond ornament, with pear-shaped diamond in centre surrounded by two diamond wreaths and a bow at the top. Should it have caught in any lady's gown, will the finder kindly communicate with Lady Valda Machell, St. James's Palace?" We are familiar with the ironic advertisement which requests the lady to return the parasol, or the gentleman the hat, removed by mistake; but there is nothing sardonic in the words of Lady Valda we italicise. Yet the episode gives rein to the imagination; and one wonders whether, in the event of a lady



MISS DOROTHY SOPHIA MATHER, DAUGHTER OF BISHOP AND MRS. MATHER, WHO IS ENGAGED TO DR. G. W. DRYLAND, OF KINGTON, HEREFORD.

The engagement of Dr. G. W. Dryland, of Pittfour, Kington, Hereford, and Miss Dorothy Sophia Mather, second daughter of Bishop and Mrs. Mather, is an interesting alliance between medicine and the Church.

Photograph by Kate Pragnell.

yielding to "sudden temptation" at a State Ball and being herself caught in her own dress she could possibly be given over to the police. Framers of queer cases might give attention to this pretty little detail of Court etiquette.

The Just Aristides. "Honest John" is a name almost as greasy as "Soapy Sam"; even Lord Morley fails to carry it with any dignity, and Mr. John Wanamaker is obliged to keep, besides his stores, a Sunday school, that he may live up, or down, to it. The son of Philadelphia's merchant Prince made the mistake of getting married secretly the other day; the result was a fanfare in the papers, with the United States Ambassador publicly displayed as a clandestine giver-away of the bride. Honest John was not himself present. Matrimonial confidences had passed between his son and himself reminding one of the story of the gentleman who asked his widower parent if it was true that he was marrying that day: "And what, Sir, is that to you?" asked the parent. "Nay, Sir, nothing at all," said he, "but I would have had my wig re-powdered to-day instead of to-morrow had you told me." Mr. John Wanamaker is well known in London: he has bought pictures here, and made, in particular, many postal friends, for the post-office still interests Cleveland's Post-Master General.



OUR IMPERIAL GUESTS: THE TSAR AND TSARITSA.

A hearty welcome awaited their Russian Majesties on their visit to Cowes. The Emperor is the King's nephew by his marriage with Princess Alix of Hesse, and also the nephew of Queen Alexandra. His extraordinary likeness to the Prince of Wales has often been noticed. His reign of fifteen years has been very eventful, and he will be ever remembered as the author of the Hague Peace Conference. The Empress has a very sweet and sympathetic nature, and it is interesting to recall that she was brought up very much under the eye of Queen Victoria. She is, of course, the daughter of the much beloved and lamented Princess Alice, who was, perhaps, the favourite sister of King Edward.—[Photograph by Almberg and Prentiss.]

OF THE MUSIC-HALL STAGE OF 2000 YEARS AGO: GREEK ARTISTES?



- | | | |
|---------------------------------------|-----------------------------------|-----------------------------------|
| 1. THE BROAD COMEDIAN. | 4. THE RACONTEUR. | 8. THE SINGER OF TRAGIC SONGS. |
| 2. THE SINGER OF SENTIMENTAL BALLADS. | 5. THE SINGER OF PATRIOTIC SONGS. | 9. THE SINGER OF DOLEFUL DITTIES. |
| 3. THE SINGER OF LOVE SONGS. | 6 and 7. CLOWNS. | 10. THE VILLAIN OF THE SKETCH. |

We may as well say at once that these photographs were taken in the Greek section of the British Museum. Whether they represent the famous artistes of 2000 years ago, or merely efforts of the imagination on the part of their designers, we cannot say. Certainly, in broad outline they suggest music-hall artistes and music-hall methods of to-day.

THE STAGE FROM THE STALLS

By E.F.S. (Monocle)

"Thalia's Teacup." The classical lore of the dramatic critic is sufficient to tell him that Thalia was deemed the Muse of Comedy, and therefore he was a little surprised to find that Mr. Norreys Connell employed a young lady bearing the rarely used name as heroine of a farce. Perhaps he does not look upon "Thalia's Teacup" as a farce, but believes it to be a "light comedy"—the term of classification used upon the programme:

possibly he thinks that his strange barrister, his comiccurate, his burlesque "Territorial officer," his irascible yet warmhearted father, his customary parlourmaid, and his foolish mother are real people. Alas! they are the old enemies—one cannot call them old friends—of the constant playgoer.

Moreover, the author has contrived little in the form of plot in which to manoeuvre his puppets. Thalia herself is handled more cleverly than the others: there is some flesh and blood in the untruthful, selfish little flirt who made fun of everybody and lied for the fun of lying. Indeed, she is so well-drawn and amusing that it would be worth the dramatist's while to write a new play about her, assuming that he can get Miss Thyrza Norman to play the part. For we have very few actresses who could treat the part so lightly and cleverly as to render the little cat endurable except in very small doses. Miss Thyrza Norman really kept the play going, and when she was off the boards it fell flat. She disturbed our sense of wrong and right. We ought to have been shocked by Thalia's mean treatment of her sister, by her pitiless cruelty to her three silly suitors, by her too generous use of her lips—in kisses—by her impudent joy when telling atrocious fibs; and, finally, by the fact that her wickedness brought her no trouble, and that at the end of the play she got engaged to the man—at whom she had been setting her pretty head, despite an opposition on his part, based upon the fact that he knew very well what a wicked creature he was going to marry. It would have been quite easy to render Thalia detestable; but Miss Norman made her fascinating—such are the triumphs of skill and charm. There was a mystery about the title. All the characters pronounced "Thalia" as if it rhymed with "Dahlia" save one, who pronounced it with a long "i," and did

not give the usual English sound to the "th,"—possibly the English "th" would have been as much of a Shibboleth to the Greek as to the modern Frenchman. This character was jeered at as being guilty of an Oxford affectation; but what was the humour of making the characters pronounce the word as if it rhymed with the name of the flower? Also I noticed that several of the players gave the ugly Cockney "er" for "a," and made it "Thalier."

There was another character referred to as "Felishier" instead of "Felicia." I draw attention to this because vices of pronunciation are common on the stage and may have some effect on the audience.

"Two Little Vagabonds."

In the course of the revival of "The Two Little Vagabonds," at the Lyceum, there were moments when it seemed as if the Lyceum gallery is beginning to develop an artistic conscience. It was on occasions such as when George Thornton, with horrid violence, asserted his disbelief in the innocence of his wife, and threatened to shoot her as she kneeled at his feet, that suspicions of the attitude of the audience became possible: for some laughed when they should have cried. One could almost fancy that they considered the grounds for Thornton's unbelief void of the substance required by the critical mind. Yet to the credit of everybody it must be said that these moments of doubt were only fleeting: the rest of the evening was properly spent in enthusiastic adoration of the entirely melodramatic—and yet not entirely melodramatic—for in Miss Beryl Mercer's rendering of the vagabond Wally there was always a touch of genuine humanity and pathetic humour. It is a well-conceived little study of Cockney infant life, and never failed in its effect. The rest of the acting was of the full-blooded type which the play requires. Miss Frances Dillon was very graceful and pathetic; Mr.

Frederick Ross recalled the Silver King of Wilson Barrett; and the broad humours of the Gaffer and Kiddy were in the safe hands of Mr. S. Major Jones and Miss Blanche Stanley. A word of praise is also due to the straightforward Dick of Miss Eva Lumley, and of congratulation to Messrs. Smith and Carpenter on having got their off-season entertainment so well under way.



Singing Songs from
Her Repertoire at
the Coliseum:
Madame Alice
Bonheur.

Photographs by Boyer
and Bert.



MME. ALICE BONHEUR,

Who is appearing at the Coliseum in songs from her repertoire, is well known in Paris, where she is a favourite of the light-comedy stage. She has played with much success in, amongst other things, "The Little Michus," "Véronique," "The Country Girl," and also in Revues.

PLEASANT REFLECTIONS: ANNIE IN THE LOOKING-GLASS.



HOLDING A MIRROR UP TO NATURE: MISS ANNIE HUGHES.

Photograph by the Dover Street Studios.



By ERNEST A. BRYANT.

The Tsar can do no Wrong.

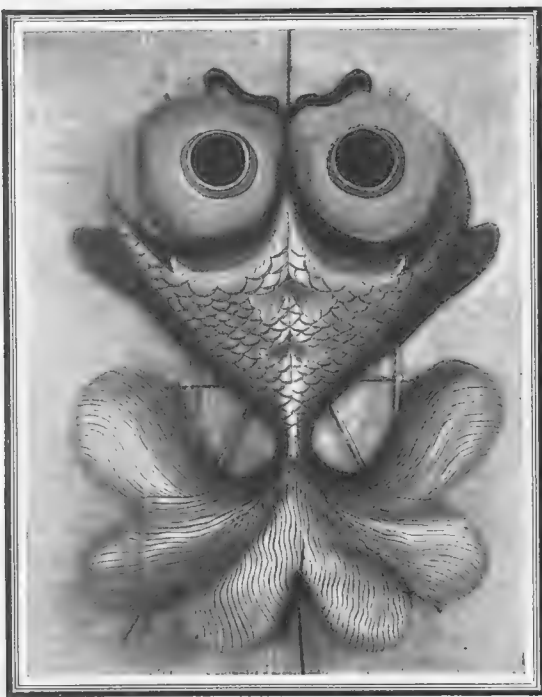
Those members of the London Corporation who are to wait upon the Tsar to-morrow, may bless their stars that the Autocrat of all the Russias is more conventional than the most illustrious of his predecessors. Peter the Great would have required the greater part of our fleet to catch him for such a ceremony as this. They never knew when they had him. He tramped into Holland in the train of his own ambassador, and went to Paris in a manner compared with which the trip of John Gilpin was distinguished and heroic. In uneasy stages by ramshackle coach, he covered the first part of the route. Then he thought he would prefer a litter for his weary bones. A wretched old phaeton was commandeered; the body was torn from the wheels and strapped to the backs of horses. And in that he toddled into the Gay Capital. But that was only the beginning of the fun. It was in vain that they spread banquets in his sight and made appointments to honour him. He preferred the carousals of his minstrels in obscure taverns. Paris was as thankful as London in similar case would be; to see the back of this sinner, the name of whose capital makes him a saint.

What Love is Not.

Apparently, the old, old story still trips with fatal glibness from the lips of many men—too easily and too often. The difficulty comes in the Divorce Court, where, for the thousandth time, the attempt has just been made to define where friendship ends and love begins. Tennyson had a characteristically original method, and incidentally it enabled him to clear up the Shakespeare-Bacon controversy entirely to his own satisfaction. "The way in which Bacon speaks of love would be enough," he said, "to prove that he was not Shakespeare; 'I know not how, but martial men are given to Love. I think it is but as they are given to wine, for perils commonly ask to be paid in pleasures.'" And then the poet indignantly asked—"How could a man with such an idea of Love write 'Romeo and Juliet'?" A correspondent had asked him his opinion of the Bacon-Shakespeare business, and he felt vastly inclined to reply—"Sir, don't be a fool"; but probably he did not.

From Cloud to Sunshine.

At Eskdalemuir we have our new Observatory Department of the National Phy-



A FISH KITE, FROM CHINA.

sical Laboratory, and the report for the first year's work is now out. From it we are informed that little actual observing work has as yet been undertaken, but the situation has proved

ideal for the purpose. Far be it from the present admirer of the Observatory staff to imply a parallel—rather let this be a suggestion to them how to make the dull hours pass until the time for serious observation comes. The suggestion then, is drawn from the experience of the late Professor Simon Newcomb, whose death the whole scientific world is mourning. He, when young, went, filled with nervous apprehension, to work in the United States Observatory at Washington. Soon he discovered that neither the pre-eminent gifts of his contemporaries were to be feared, nor their energy. The time for these more or less good men and true to take observations in earnest had not yet come. They did take some, for their salaries' sake, but the men were staggeringly human. They frequently tired of the telescope and all its messages. And when they reached that stage, unanimously and with gladness they "voted it cloudy," and hied them to cocktails and oysters at the restaurant over the way.

Degrees and Fees. The Italian Ambassador, in getting a degree at Oxford, has been unhampered by considerations which have at times prevented the acceptance of like honours by other men. There was a British officer—peace and anonymity be his!—who could not afford it, and has his sacrifice commemorated—

Oxford, no doubt you wish me well,
But, prithee, let me be;
I can't, alas! be D.C.L.,
Because of £s.d.

Other honorifics, not of Oxford's bestowal, have been refused for as convincing reasons, though no poet has sung the surrender.

The Time for Work. The Chancellor of the Exchequer, overstrained by the immensity of recent

labours, has deserved the sympathies of even super-taxees. There is only one man in public life to-day who welcomes ten men's work as his own share, and that is the untiring Minister for War.

to whom the task of Hercules is merely a pleasant method of reducing adipose tissue. It is the Chancellor's bowing under his burden which would the more have appealed to Huxley: he thought the finest way of getting work done was to be knocked over by labour, so that one *must* be shut off from outside duties. Laid up during a severe winter he gloried in the fact; "I have had a capital holiday—mostly in bed," he confided to his daughter. But he thought that he was not as grateful for the opportunity as he ought to have been. "If I could only break my leg, what a lot of scientific work I could do," he groaned to his friend, Professor Marsh.



A FROG KITE, FROM CHINA.



FORERUNNER OF THE AIRSHIP—AND A WARRIOR!
A FIGHTING KITE, FROM CHINA.

The edges of the fighting kite are dipped in a solution of glue and glass, that they may be sharp enough to cut the strings that hold rival kites. Kite-flying contests are very popular in China, and much betting goes on in connection with them.

Photographs by Beasley.

A PATENT FIRE ALARM.



THE WEEK-ENDER: I shay, you Johnny, gimme 'nother bedroom, will you, there's duck.

THE HOTEL CLERK: Well, Sir, number forty-five, next to your's, is vacant, if you're not comfortable where you are.

THE WEEK-ENDER: That'll do, niceshly. I've set old forty-four on fire.

DRAWN BY G. E. STUDDY.



HEARD IN THE GREEN-ROOM



Where was the Public when the Light Went Out?

Unexpected difficulties come to most actors when they are playing in the provinces, a fact with which readers of this page have been made humorously acquainted. It is rare, however, for such an incident to happen in London as befell Mr. Kenneth Douglas, who is to play one of the leading parts in Mr. Frederick Lonsdale's "Supper for Two," with which Mr. Frank Curzon is about to open Wyndham's Theatre. It occurred on the night on which "Joseph Entangled" was produced at the Haymarket Theatre. Mr. Douglas had a good little part, and was naturally very keen that it should go well at the first performance. Just before the curtain went up on the second act, however, there was an ominous smell of something burning, and a delicate wreath of smoke, which gradually got denser, ascended from beneath the orchestra to the ceiling in the front of the house. At that psychological moment, all the electric lights went out, before and behind the curtain. Luckily, no one cried "Fire!" or there might have been a panic. The audience was quickly assured that there was no danger, and that it was merely the fusing of a wire which had caused the lights to go out and the woodwork to be charred. Meantime, someone in the front of the house, realising that there was a fire, rushed round to the stage. He seized one of the blankets kept in readiness for such emergencies by the fire-buckets at the side of the stage, dipped it into the water, and, with more zeal than discretion, wrapped it round Mr. Kenneth Douglas. His clothes were saturated, and if he was not dripping wet, he was at least sufficiently wet to be very uncomfortable, while his suit was ruined. There was no time for him to go and change into dry garments, so he had to play through the whole act in his wet clothes. The playing, however, was done under serious difficulties, for the stage was illuminated by only a single limelight on each side. As for the audience, it sat stolidly, as if it had been assisting at a tragedy. Whether it was that it was too scared by what had happened to laugh, or whether it needed its eyes to see the jokes, cannot be settled off-hand. Certain it is, it did not see them, for Mr. Douglas has been heard to declare he never played a comedy scene in his life which went so quietly. Indeed, it is his firm belief that nobody knew what the act was about.

they are playing is strikingly demonstrated by an experience of Miss Hilda Bruce Potter, whose recent marriage to Mr. Charles Bibby makes her the bride of the moment in the world of the theatre. Few readers of *The Sketch* need reminding that they are both highly accomplished members of Miss Horniman's company and appeared with great success during the recent season at the Coronet Theatre. The incident in question happened last year, when the company was playing in Leeds. Miss Holbrook, another of the leading members of the company, and Miss Bruce Potter went to Todmorden, a small place some distance off, to visit some friends. They had arranged to return by a train which would get them back to Leeds just in time to dress for the performance. On the return journey, the two ladies, getting anxious, inquired at several stations if the train went straight through to Leeds. The answer they received was always in the affirmative. In spite of that, however, the train went on stopping at every station, and eventually, they discovered that it was an excursion-train from Blackpool, which ran only as far as Bradford, while the next train from Bradford to Leeds left at a quarter to nine, and they had to be on the stage at a quarter



THE PHONOGRAPH IN CHINA: A "SIDE SHOW" IN THE COURTYARD OF A TEMPLE.

In the courtyard of many temples in China trades are carried on, and there are "side shows," also, in the form of jugglers and such things as the phonograph here illustrated.

past eight! The situation was certainly disconcerting, for it seemed an utterly impossible thing to do. It made its

appeal with striking difference to the two actresses. Miss Bruce Potter, taking the matter philosophically, roared with laughter at their plight, and her laughter increased when Miss Holbrook began to take down her hair and do it in a tight knob at the back of her head. If, as they subsequently surmised, the other occupants of the carriage imagined they were escaped lunatics, it was scarcely remarkable. When, eventually, the train arrived at Bradford, Miss Bruce Potter and her companion saw a ray of hope. They determined to motor over to Leeds. There was one taxi on the rank, and the driver, in reply to the question whether he could get to the Grand Theatre, Leeds, by eight, rose to the occasion and declared he could. Off they went, the ladies making such preparations as they could as they drove along. They reached the theatre a few minutes after eight to find their understudies striving to get the lines into their heads while they were dressing for the parts. They were not destined to play them, however, for both Miss Bruce Potter and Miss Holbrook managed to get on the stage without keeping the curtain down. It was an exciting experience, but when the taxicab register was read it was found to be a decidedly expensive one.



THE ACTRESS-DAUGHTER OF A WELL-KNOWN MANAGER: MISS CICELY COURTNEIDGE, DAUGHTER OF MR. ROBERT COURTNEIDGE, WHO MADE HER DÉBUT AS AN ACTRESS THE OTHER NIGHT IN "THE ARCADIAN." MISS COURTNEIDGE PLAYED CHRYSEA CHARMINGLY, AND ON THE NIGHT OF HER DÉBUT WAS ENCORED THrice FOR HER SINGING OF THE SONG "I LIKE LONDON." SHE IS SEVENTEEN. IT IS SCARCELY NECESSARY TO POINT OUT THE FACT THAT MR. COURTNEIDGE IS RESPONSIBLE FOR "THE ARCADIAN," AND HAS PRODUCED SUCH SUCCESSSES AS "THE BLUE MOON" AND "THE DAIRYMAIDS," TO NAME BUT TWO OF MANY.

Photograph by Lottie Charles.

The Tax of the Taxi. The price in anxiety actors sometimes have to pay for pleasure in leaving the town in which

MIXED MYTHOLOGY: CULLED FROM THE CLASSICS.



VII.—ÆSCULAPIUS PAYS A PROFESSIONAL VISIT TO CENTAUR VILLA, TO INQUIRE AS TO THE PROGRESS MADE BY NESSUS, DAMAGED DURING THE LITTLE "DIFFERENCE" WITH THE LAPITHÆ.

DRAWN BY S. BAGHOT DE LA BERE.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER

More Women.

It is extremely difficult in these days to get away from the subject of women, general or individual. One or the other of the halfpenny papers I take in is certain to arrest me, as I turn it over, with the photograph of some woman, more or less beautiful, or with pictures—much better drawn than they used to be, by the way—of women in new dresses or hats; the latter feature is even extended to the *Times* in all its dignity. Then, the news is sure to contain dashing things done by women, policemen or wardresses assaulted with the best of motives. The correspondence includes letters justifying these things or assailing them. And when I turn to the reviews it is any odds on there being mention of some history of "Famous Courtesans," or "Women Who Have Influenced Great Men," or the like. For my part, I confess that however grateful for the existence of women in my daily life, I find all this printed stuff about them rather more than I want. (How it must bore a misogynist! Or perhaps not: he finds material for his morbid invective.) Consequently, when I saw that a book had appeared called "Enchanters of Men," by Ethel Colburn Mayne (Methuen), I was disposed to let it exist without further inquiry on my part. Noticing, however, that it contained a biography of a woman I really wanted to know more about (of that later), I got it from the library, and I am very glad I did. It is quite a mine of information about more than a score of interesting women.

"Enchanters of Men."

Mrs. Mayne divides her enchanters into "The Royal Mistress," "The Courtesan"—occasionally this is rather a cross division—"The Royal Lady," "The Star"—great artists, that is, like Grisi and Taglioni—and "The Egeria." By the way, it is rather wrong to include under the latter head Mathilde Mirat, Heine's mistress and wife, for Egeria implies a counsellor and friend, and Mme. Heine never cared a straw for the poet's thoughts or work, except in so far as the latter brought her money for the dresses and food of which she was immoderately fond. Not an attractive character, at all, Mathilde Mirat, but Heine was always more or less in love with her, and, after all, it was his affair. He used to beat her regularly every Monday, but evidently that was a domestic joke: she could have easily beaten him, frail little creature that he was. . . . I turned naturally to the women I knew most of first of all: inconsistently, as I had got the book for information, but I suppose most of my readers do the same thing. The account of Teresa Guiccioli is very good and just, though I think Mrs. Mayne makes too much of Byron's jesting references to the affair in his letters: he jested about everything. It is true, however, that neither she nor any other woman was really a ruling influence in his life. . . . Good, too, is the account of Henrietta of England, Duchess of Orléans—not Henriette d'Orléans, please, if we want to be quite accurate, Mrs. Mayne; she was "of England" because her father

was King of that country, and was not "of" her husband's title. There might, however, have been some quotations from her brother Charles the Second's letters to her, which are of the pleasantest letters in English. She was by far the most interesting of Stuart women, except Mary Queen of Scots—the Queen of Bohemia and the Electress of Hanover a good third and fourth—and if we had known both, I think we should have found Henrietta as personally fascinating as Mary herself. Then there are notable histories of those not quite edifying enchanters—Sophie Arnould and Jeanne du Barry. I mention these, however, to observe what seems to me an unfairness. Mrs. Mayne seems to speak of their generosity and kindness a little contemptuously, as though in such "creatures" that hardly counted; but a good quality is a good quality, whatever the others, and should be given full value.

Menken.

But I must come, or I shall not have space, to the woman for whose sake I got the book, Adah Isaacs Menken, Swinburne's friend, who signed herself and was called by her friends Menken, *loul court*. She was a familiar name, of course, and one revived in Swinburne's obituary notices, but I knew little of her history beyond the "Mazeppa" episode, and I daresay my readers do not, either. It was not a happy history. She had good luck in her men friends

and ill luck in her husbands and lovers, as often happens. She had many husbands, but I do not believe for a moment that Swinburne's "Notre Dame des Sept Douleurs" had any reference to their number. Swinburne was quite incapable of such a banal and tasteless jest. Nor do I believe that even if the wonderful poem "Dolores" was inspired by his knowledge of this woman, we are to read her into its phrases: it is far too symbolical and mystical for that. And, of course, as Mrs. Mayne says, he had no hand in her "Infelicia"; it is wonderful that anyone with the slightest knowledge of literature could suppose that he had. The little French poem in her album—"Combien de temps," etc.—is another matter, and I do not know that he ever denied its authorship: it is a charming nothing. One thing surprised me. She was not a Jewess by race. Her maiden name was Adelaide McCord; but she became a Jewess by religion, and took the Jewish name of Adah. A sad woman, *au fond*, I think, and a thoughtful one, who was worthy of her friendships.

A Joke.

My compliments to a correspondent who has written from the ends of the earth—I forget precisely where, and have mislaid his letter—to tell me, in effect, that he doesn't like me. As a rule, people who write to strangers with this information have not attractive intelligences, but this correspondent has made a good joke. He says, in smashing allusion to the "personal note" in my style, that the initials ought not to be N. O. I. but A. L. L. I. (All-I, not No-I, you see?) A good joke. Perhaps they are "all my eye" too.

N. O. I.



TWO BANK HOLIDAYS—MAN'S AND THE HORSE'S.

DRAWN BY ANTHONY R. BARKER.



A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL

MR. GORGONZOLA AMONG THE PROPHETS.

By NINA BALMAINE.

The Albany, Piccadilly.

DEAR GORGONZOLA,—Which of your *louris* has cast her silken noose round the neck of Lord Moraine? We must get the youngster free. His father, Earl Ben Nevis, is one of the old noblesse with whom pride is a religion. I verily believe he expects to be received in heaven by a guard of honour of the sworded seraphim. He is a delightful man, simple, chivalrous, sincere. You cannot find many like him except in picture galleries.

If the boy were to commit a *mésalliance* it would break his mother's heart, and I am going to save him if he is sensible to arguments based upon her affection.

The Countess is a beautiful woman and must be spared the outrage of a picture-postcard notoriety for a daughter-in-law.

I have only just heard of the affair; it has been kept very quiet. The most incorruptible Press-agent could hardly be trusted to keep such a secret.—Always yours,

JACK FORTESCUE.

Flamingo Theatre, London, W.

DEAR FORTESCUE,—You ought to have been a woman. As a combination of modesty and aplomb, you beat any bride that ever knelt at the altar.

Why should I prevent one of my girls from annexing a coronet? It has become so common that only interested persons like you boil over with blither about it. I don't call them chorus girls any more. They are entered in my books as "Possible Peeresses." They are uncommonly nice, and overflowing with refinement. Let a man try to take one of them to sup at a second-rate restaurant, and he will receive a snub that will fairly frighten him into the middle of the ensuing week. They know everything that is in season, and demand whatever is not. The beasts of the field, the fowls of the air, and the fruits of the earth are allowed no close time. Nature has to hustle to produce anything they fancy.

The siren you are after is Berenice d'Asparagus, the haughtiest and handsomest chorus girl in London. Your Mac'loddie is one of five titled fools fawning at her feet.

Mind this. She is a real good girl. The outside world thinks a woman loses all title to respect directly she enters the stage-door. That's the sort of rot that percolates through the heads of inferior suburban ladies and superior London housemaids. My girls are grand, any way you take them.

You'll get no help from me, my boy. I am their friend till divorce.—Ever yours,

DICK GORGONZOLA.

The Albany, Piccadilly.

DEAR GORGONZOLA,—Hoity toity! what a demon it is for virtue all at once. I might have strained my sense of the fitness of things to imagine you a sexton in the Vestal Temple, but High Priest—never!

Even if a girl be as beautiful as a fashion-plate, and a paragon of propriety to boot, that is no reason why a nobleman should sell his birthright for her and make a mess of matrimony.

I'll get even with you one of these days for making my ears sing with your moral bombast.

As you would not assist I went straight to the source of the trouble and saw Miss Berenice d'Asparagus (*née* Jemima Jiggins?). I am bound to admit that I had the worst of the exchanges. She got awfully mad at the finish, and her skirts swished like a hiss as she marched into another room and left me to find my way out. I do not think she will become Lady Moraine, nor can I admire his taste. She is handsome, I admit, but so frightfully perfumed that

Rimmel must have laid down his life on her breast. Some of these girls seem to scent themselves with a shower-bath apparatus.

Always yours, JACK FORTESCUE.

The Albany, Piccadilly, W.

DEAR MORaine,—Following our talk yesterday, I want to try the tension of your regard by asking you to take a few straight tips in good part.

The legends of your family have never included a *mésalliance*. Such a mistake is deeper than the ocean; you may take soundings all your life, but you will never touch bottom. The fatal element of an ill-considered marriage is that the parties to it only take into account pleasant and immediate results, without considering either alternatives or distant and indirect consequences.

Surely, in some uncorrupted corner of your mind there lurks a doubt as to the fitness of this girl for the society of your mother? I don't want to hurt you, but can't you see that the soul of a Lady Ben Nevis is fed from spiritual sources remote from those which gush in the breast of a Berenice d'Asparagus?

You might square such an alliance with your conscience, but you could not square Society. A long line of ancestors is watching you. Are you going to take home a woman who will look as if she had been engaged for the evening?

Do you realise the affront to your mother?

And your father? Is he not to be considered? He has no objection to your harvesting the usual crop of wild oats, but they are not the sort of flowers one likes to see pressed between the leaves of the Family Bible.

I hope you have gone, as you promised, to Dampshire.

Very sincerely yours, JACK FORTESCUE.

The Rectory, Hazyville.

DEAR FORTESCUE,—I have been thinking a lot of what you said. I begin to see that a man in my position has not only himself to consider when he marries. My father and mother are the best parents any fellow ever had. That shot struck home. I started to reform yesterday, and beat the Curate at croquet by three hoops and a couple of damns.

I have been exploring the country in my motor, and saw two lovely women at an old-fashioned country place about ten miles from here. A glance from one of them kept me awake two nights running. I shall have a spill and break my leg there some day, and be taken in and nursed! I wish you knew some people (unconnected with churches) who would give a fellow a little solace. I am right down sweet on one of those fillies.

It's deuced hard work being good—no wonder so few try it. I tear round the villages in search of adventures during the day, and at night mature my mind in the mysteries of whist with maiden aunts, clergymen, and that sort of thing. It's lucky I'm a Scotchman, as it is easier for us to be "guid" than ither folk!—Very sincerely yours,

MORaine.

The Albany, Piccadilly, W.

MY DEAR MRS. HAMILTON,—My young friend Lord Moraine is at Hazyville Rectory. I wish you would take an interest in him and let him come to The Châlet. The fact is, I have sent him into the country to be out of the way of a stage divinity whom he was on the point of marrying.

This rush of actress to the head is becoming a farce. Mothers of daughters are in despair and a little *débutante* is no longer a dangerous thing. I remember when a man dare not sit out a dance with a girl for fear of blundering impulsively into an engagement.

[Continued overleaf.]

Now all is changed. A fellow will remain for ages with a maid in the conservatory, but their conversation makes the lilies shudder. Put the same man in the stalls of a theatre: a young woman comes on trying to kick herself out of her clothes, and he immediately desires to make her his wife.

I am coming down for a change. I long to hear again the sound of ladies' laughter ringing through your lovely garden. I seem to feel the perfume of the lilac and the glorious Guelder roses. See how the thought of you inspires my pen!—Very sincerely yours,
JACK FORTESCUE.

The Rectory, Hazyville.

DEAR FORTESCUE,—A thousand thanks for whatever you said to Mrs. Hamilton. You can guess my delight when I found The Châlet was the home of the two graces I saw from the road.

The friend, Mrs. Cayenne, is simply gorgeous. Her husband, Major Rufus Cayenne, is in the Himalayas, but may be home any time. That is the worst of soldiers' wives—you never know where you are with them. She has an awful lot of sense for a mere girl, and keeps bringing out whole chunks of it for my benefit when I am more than usually foolish. What a pity that such a beautiful creature should be wasted on a non-resident sapper! Beastly shame, I call it.

Life here beats town hollow. I almost live at The Châlet.

Do come down. I am doing my utmost to divide myself fairly between the ladies, and am awfully happy.—Ever yours,
MORaine.

The Châlet, Myrtle town.

DEAR MR. FORTESCUE,—I fear you will have to come down and look after Lord Moraine. I suppose he has told you that Violet Cayenne is staying with me? Well, he has fallen in love with her. It is laughable, of course, but you must point out to him that he cannot distribute his affections in this wholesale way. I am afraid to say anything. He might turn round and make enthusiastic love to me. I assure you he is quite capable of it! We are awfully fond of him, and Violet is extremely discreet. She treats him like a brother, but he takes a very wide view of the duties of the relationship!

I know you will put matters on a nice footing and avoid hurting his feelings. He is really a delightful companion. You praise my roses and myself with the grace of a cavalier, but you do not come to see us!—Very sincerely yours,
LILIAN HAMILTON.

The Albany, Piccadilly, W.

MY DEAR MRS. HAMILTON,—I hope we are not in for any heart-breaking experiences. I knew Major Rufus Cayenne slightly at one time—before he married. He is known to the subaltern division of the Army as the Boiled Owl. When he was not writing furious letters to the *Times*, he was coddling his liver. What on earth makes nice girls marry such men? The Major's urbanest manner resembles that of a bear with rheumatism. To make matters worse, he lost an eye while hunting, and no optician from Bombay to Kashmir could match the green and yellow of his remaining optic. The joke in India is that they stuck in a tiger's eye, and you can't tell the difference! When it isn't in quite straight, a look from him would scare a seraph. He was uncompromisingly homely when his wife left him owing to the "climate"! Now he is gratuitously uncanny.

I shall be dreadfully sorry if my young friend causes you any trouble, but I don't think he will.

I will come down in a few days.—Very sincerely yours,
JACK FORTESCUE.

Flamingo Theatre, London, W.

DEAR FORTESCUE,—How are you off for morals now? I say, old chap, it's time I had a turn. If you are not in for a spill when Major Cayenne comes home I'm a Dutchman. The whole town is on the giggle about Lord Moraine, Mrs. Cayenne, and you! I'd back you alone against most men, but handicapped with a super-amorous Scotch peerlet I am tipping the Major. An old spinster keeps feeding the Boiled Owl with the seeds of discontent. I know him pretty well. He is the pepperiest fire-eater in the English Army. When his liver is sulky he would kick up a shindy with the statue of Peace. I'll give him a synopsis of your character that will make him a walking Irish rebellion. He was unexpectedly placed on the retired list last month, and must be an accomplished maniac by this time. He has made himself so unpopular that something drastic had to be done.

My real object in writing is to invite you to the nuptials of Berenice d'Asparagus, who weds the Duc de Mont de Pieté next week. She expressly wishes you to be present. What a man you are!—Always yours,
DICK GORGONZOLA.

H.M.S. Dove, Malta.

MY DEAR VIOLET,—By the most disgraceful scheming in the annals of the British Army I was placed on the retired list a month

ago. I arrived here last night after a beastly passage. I shall write to the *Times* about it when I get home.

My sister says a good deal about a Lord Moraine, but she writes in such a mysterious way that I don't understand her drift. What is he doing hanging around you? I detest that sort of man, so give him his *congé* sharp. These fellows seem to make a business of complicating the domestic life of other people. A little rough soldiering would do them good. I am a peaceable man, but if I hear any gossip I shall simply ring his neck.

Expect me any day.—Your affectionate husband,

RUFUS CAYENNE.

The Châlet, Myrtle town.

DEAR MR. FORTESCUE,—Just fancy, Major Cayenne is at Malta and may be home any day! Violet fled to her flat in Ashley Gardens the day before yesterday. I fear Lord Moraine has gone too, as I have not seen him for two days.

Do you know, I am afraid that they are fond of each other; but Violet has got sense enough to avoid scandal. Can't you send the boy to Scotland or somewhere? I am in a fever of dread, because such strange things happen nowadays.

Isn't it horrid? I was looking forward to your visit, but please watch Lord Moraine for his own sake and Violet's.—Very sincerely yours,
LILIAN HAMILTON.

201, St. James's Place, S.W.

MY DEAR MRS. CAYENNE,—I found the country so dull after you left that I have come up for a few days. I want to see you awfully, but don't like to call without permission. Can't I just come in for a few minutes? I shall never forget the glorious time we had at The Châlet. Dare you meet me in the Row—quite accidentally, you know? I should see you from afar and fit myself into the perspective so naturally that no one would suspect an appointment.

I don't believe you are happy, and I want to talk to you about it.

I will keep all my promises if you will try and break some of yours—the ones you made about seeing me, I mean.—Always very sincerely yours,
MORaine.

Ashley Gardens, S.W.

DEAR LORD MORaine,—It is quite wicked of you to tempt me to run any risk. My husband may be home any day now, and he is so frightfully jealous that anything might happen. How absurd it is too—just as if I can't have a friend to call without something horrid being suggested!

Yes, we had a delightful time at The Châlet. Lilian's garden is a lovely place. I can see that fountain by the roses now, and the blue doves drinking out of its white marble basin. I feel so vexed at having to leave it all.

No, you must not come here, and the Row is impossible.

Please don't write any more, and believe that I am always
Yours sincerely, VIOLET CAYENNE.

P.S.—You may come here—in the morning—just once.—V. C.

TELEGRAMS.

Mrs. Cayenne to Mrs. Hamilton.—May I come to you? Homeless.

Mrs. Hamilton to Mrs. Cayenne.—Don't understand. Explain by letter.

Ashley Gardens, S.W.

MY DEAREST LILIAN,—Do you doubt me? I cried when I got your wire. I expected to be on my way now instead of writing a horrid explanation. I really don't know how to tell you everything by letter, it is all so wretchedly complicated and stupid.

Something awful has happened, and you must take me in, for I have nowhere to go. It is all a misunderstanding, only it looks bad if anyone wants to be horribly unpleasant.

Lord Moraine begged so hard to be allowed to call that I let him come one morning, just to say good-bye, you know. I promised him half-an-hour—no more—but he stayed two hours and three quarters, and would not have gone then had I not looked out of the window and seen a cab drive up with a lot of japanned boxes on top! It was Rufus! I implored Lord Moraine to fly. The silly boy insisted, on—well, an affectionate farewell (I'll tell you exactly what he did) and only got on the landing as the Major came up. I heard a heated argument, but could only distinguish my husband's voice. Then there was a wild yell and somebody was thrown violently down the stairs. Of course, I didn't know that Lord Moraine escaped by the lift without meeting anyone, and that the cabman was knocked down for demanding his legal fare.

I felt sick and faint. Rufus burst into the room and roared out, "That fellow won't bother me any more." He looked so awful, with his glass-eye turned the wrong way, that I fell on my knees and cried, "Oh, Rufus, tell me that you have not killed him and I'll confess everything!"—Your heart-broken,
VIOLET.

THE MIXTURE.



THE FLOWER-GIRL: Yus, the pore dear gal fell downstairs an' broke her leg, an' now it's flew to 'er 'ead, an' she's got orsefriction of the celluloid cavity.

DRAWN BY GILBERT HOLIDAY.

THE CARDIFF OF OLD: THE WELSH NATIONAL PAGEANT.



1. THE STORMING OF CARDIFF CASTLE BY IVOR BACH AND HIS MEN IN 1158: THE WELSH (INTERNATIONAL) FOOTBALLERS AND OTHERS IN NOVEL RÔLES.

2. NEWS OF THE ADVANCE OF THE ROMANS: THE MESSENGER, HAVING DONE HIS DUTY, FALLS DEAD—AT THE PAGEANT.

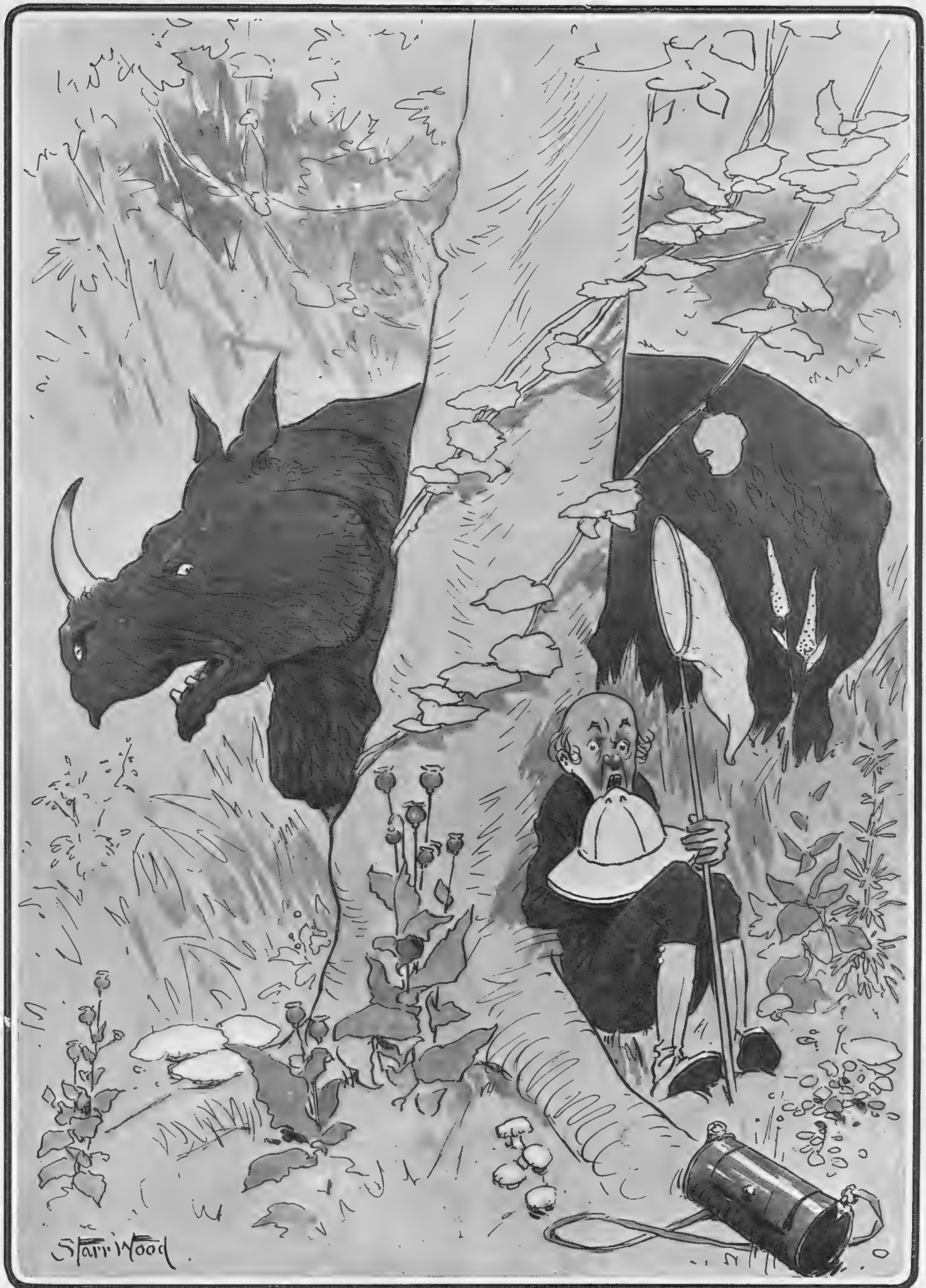
3. AS CHIEF OF THE RUFFIANS! THE CHIEF CONSTABLE OF GLAMORGAN IN THE PAGEANT.

4. NEWS OF THE ADVANCE OF THE ROMANS: THE MESSENGER, HAVING DONE HIS DUTY, FALLS DEAD—AT A REHEARSAL.

The men who stormed and took Cardiff Castle in the twelfth century are represented by Welsh footballers, who enter into their work with any amount of spirit.

Photographs by Halfones and Illustrations Bureau.

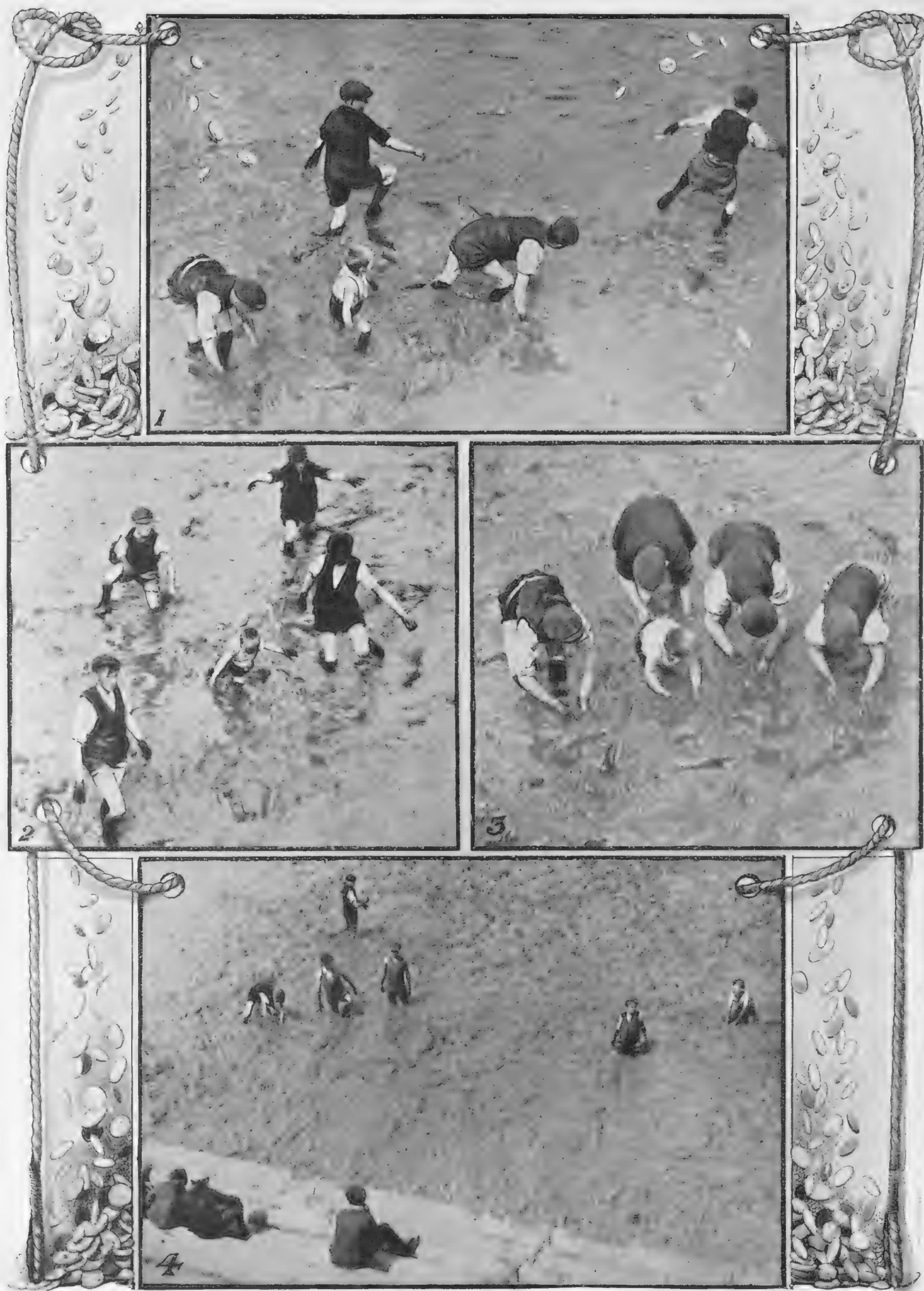
HE DID NOT!



THE NATURALIST: Great Scott! How can I make it understand it's butterflies I'm hunting?

DRAWN BY STARR WOOD.

MUD AS A COPPER MINE: THE "CHUCK US A COPPER, SIR," BOYS.



1. THE MUD-LARKS OF PORTSMOUTH KNEE-DEEP IN THE MUD IN SEARCH OF COINS THROWN TO THEM.

2. WAITING FOR PATRONAGE.

3. HUNTING FOR THE COINS.

4. SAFE FROM THE SCANDALISED POLICE; MUD-LARKS IN THE MUD.

Portsmouth's mud-larks are as familiar figures to the visitors to that town as the mud-larks of London were to those whose business took them across the bridges. At Portsmouth, they congregate in the mire just outside the dockyard, within sight of the "Victory," and there, to the cries of "Chuck us a copper, Sir," wait for the coins of spectators. This mud-larking is not liked by the residents, and is certainly not favoured by the police; but all the efforts of the civil police, the water police, and the railway authorities have failed to stop it. The boys hold the authorities at defiance, knowing that a constable would find it a most uncomfortable and dirty job to catch them. There has been some talk of prosecuting the money-throwers.

WORLD'S WHISPERS

THE parent whose present to his marrying daughter took the form of a cartload of half-crowns may be outdone, though not in his own coin, by Lord Addington, whose eldest daughter is to be married next week. Not unnaturally, the man whose father was the Governor of the Bank of England, and who himself married into the family that makes banknote paper, does not have to ponder long as to the nature of a welcome wedding-gift, the cheque-book being a joy which custom cannot stale. Lord Addington's brother, the Hon. Evelyn Hubbard, is a director of the Bank, and other members of the family have given much time to philanthropy. Miss Louisa Hubbard, in particular, has filled other people's cupboards, or taught them to keep their cupboards from becoming bare, her hobby having always been to overcome the prejudices of "decayed gentlewomen"—a term, by the way, she never uses—in regard to accepting employment as

governesses and the like. The Hubbards have long been connected with Russia, but not at all with East Aurora, where Fra Ebert Hubbard, the "William Morris of America," educated at the "University of Hard Knocks," has his colony.

Second-Class. There are other second-classes than those of prisons, and other ladies than the Suffragettes who rather kick against inclusion in them. An illustrious Englishman was once

that is his way. He drove his car on the sleepy roads of England while the "red flag" rule was still in force, he is a member of the Aero Club de France, and balloons lift themselves high into the blue in the yearly search for the cup he presents. Such is Mr. Rolls's enthusiasm for the Channel flight that one expects him to claim relationship with the new flying-man, after the fashion of the German Chancellor with his cousin M. Latham, whose cigarette withstood the spray of the Channel only to be extinguished by the tears of his Blériot disappointment.

A Sussex Lodge Party.

Mrs. Hall Walker's garden-party at Sussex Lodge, like all entertainments at the season-end, was the occasion of good-byes as well as greetings one beautiful afternoon last week. Humour, of course, played a large part in the afternoon's programme, Mr. Harry Lauder and the monkey Peter outvying one another. The Marquis de Soveral, remembering the name by which his friends mis-

call him, had a natural *penchant* for the monkey, and Lady Granard and Lady Londonderry seemed to contest his allegiance to their respective pet Parties. But who could sigh for side shows when Mrs. George Keppel held the centre of the lawn with her conversation and her gown of apricot satin?

The New Terror of Burglary.

Burglars take up the season which here ends for other folk. Indeed, the cracksman

A HOSTESS OF THE KING: MRS. HALL WALKER.

Colonel and Mrs. Hall Walker may be called leaders of the sporting section of Society. Mrs. Hall Walker is a lineal descendant of Sheridan, and her mother was a daughter of Motley, the historian.

Photograph by Lafayette.

has already been busy. Mr. O'Mara, the singer, captured his man in Maida Vale with his own hand, much to the admiration of the local police; and Mrs. Greenberg's charming house has also been entered, and her spoons, which unfortunately were very valuable Old English ones, taken. Her burglars established something of a record, and not a pleasing one: they fed largely and drank deep—so largely and so deep, that they threw food and drink upon the dining-room carpet! No wonder the hostess of unbidden guests declared that she did not mind so much what they had taken away.



TO MARRY MR. ARTHUR WHELPDALE: MISS BETTY ETELSON.

Miss Etelson is the daughter of a distinguished Army medical officer. Surgeon-General Fred Etelson received the C.B. in 1907, in recognition of a long career of eminent service, which includes the Indian Mutiny.

Photograph by Swaine

received by Sultan Abdul-Hamid, who, wishing to be remarkably civil, presented him with the insignia of an Order for his wife. His gratitude found full expression; but her Ladyship, on receiving the presentation, was observed to pout. The insignia was that of the Second Class of the Order of Chastity.

Hot Rolls.

It was like the Hon. C. S. Rolls to be present at M. Blériot's barbarously early start on his immortal flight. It was early for hot rolls, as the London baker calculates, but Mr. Rolls is always on the spot. He got to France in the nick of time; but



MRS. NOEL GREY WILLOUGHBY (FORMERLY MISS BLANCHE HILTON GREEN), WHOSE WEDDING TOOK PLACE ON WEDNESDAY OF LAST WEEK

The wedding of Mr. Noel Grey Willoughby and Miss Blanche Hilton Green may be considered a military alliance, as Mr. Willoughby's corps is the Middlesex Regiment. The bride is the only child of the late Mr. Henry Hilton Green and of Mrs. Alfred Schwabe, of Eppingham, Surrey.—*Photograph by Keturah Collings.*



ARTIST'S MODELS AS A GUARD OF HONOUR: M. GEORGES SCOTT AND MLE. NELLY MARTYL ON THEIR WEDDING DAY.

M. Georges Scott, the famous French artist, whose work is so well known in the Paris "L'Illustration" and in the "Illustrated London News," was married the other day to Mlle. Nelly Martyl, of the Opéra Comique. M. Scott's models, dressed in the uniforms of the First Republic and of the Empire, acted as guard of honour. M. Scott is thirty-five, son of Henri Scott, one of the best of nineteenth-century illustrators; his bride is one of the most charming pensionnaires of the Opéra Comique, to which she went by way of the Opéra and the Conservatoire.

KEY-NOTES

The Season's End. Covent Garden has closed its doors, the smaller concert-halls make no appeal for patronage, and save for the flag that flies by day and the light that shines by night from Westminster, where legislators are doubtless thinking of summer holidays, the desolation of the Silly Season lies upon the capital as it lies upon the little realm of music. This is the brief moment of respite from labour, the last song is sung, the last recital given, the last hope fulfilled or shattered. Ten days hence the Queen's Hall will reopen its doors, and the Promenade Concerts will attract in their thousands those who cannot leave the Metropolis. But for the moment the hour is given to rest, after the long months in which three and four concerts of some merit have been given in a day.

At Covent Garden. The Opera season has been a long and prosperous one, and many years must have passed since as many as eighty-nine performances were given between the opening and closing of the house. If all the promises of the pros-



IN "TESS," AT COVENT GARDEN:
SIGNOR ZENATELLO AS ANGEL CLARE.

Photograph by the Dover Street Studios.

pectus have not been fulfilled, it will be confessed by everybody that the majority of the performances have reached a high standard of merit, that individual achievements have never served as a cloak for a slovenly production, and that the Grand Opera Syndicate has held a fair balance between the old favourites, of which some of us are so heartily tired, and the new work of which some of us are so painfully intolerant.

"Samson et Dalila."

Perhaps the most notable success has been scored by an opera that was long banned and barred by the Censor. "Samson et Dalila" has been given nine times, and has drawn a large audience upon every occasion. It is a decidedly old-fashioned opera, and much of the music is little better than tedious; but elaborate mounting, the good dressing, and the splendid singing of Mme. Kirkby Lunn have availed to give new life where it was badly needed. The writer has seen Dr. Saint-Saëns' opera in many opera-houses of the Continent, but nowhere with such a lavish expenditure and effective ensemble. Chiefly because nobody was allowed to see it in London before, everybody has gone; but he would be a bold prophet who will declare that "Samson et Dalila" will be a *pièce de résistance* at Covent Garden three years hence. To-day, after a quarter of a century or more of repeated performance, it has few of the elements that make for long life.

Novelties and Their Reception.

The new productions of the season, "Pelléas et Mélisande," "Louise," and "Tess," are all intensely modern operas, so near to the twentieth century in musical expression that their appearance at Covent Garden within twenty-four hours of some utterly trivial work of old time comes almost as a shock. It was hardly reasonable, for example, to expect those who love the florid melodies of "Traviata," and "Lucia" to face the strange musical accompaniment to Maeterlinck's story of "Pelléas et Mélisande." Nor is it surprising that the expectation was not realised. The patrons of Covent Garden were so emphatic in

their disapproval of the "tuneless opera" that only three out of the four performances arranged for could be given. It is well to recollect that public disfavour has been associated with the first performance of several notable operas. "Faust" and "Carmen" were by no means readily successful; "Tannhäuser" was hissed off the stage in Paris—people are frequently quite intolerant of what



IN ONE OF THE NEW PRODUCTIONS AT COVENT GARDEN:
MLLE. DESTINN AS TESS IN BARON FREDERIC D'ERLANGER'S
VERSION OF THOMAS HARDY'S NOVEL.

Photograph by the Dover Street Studios.



IN "TESS" AT COVENT GARDEN:
MLLE. DE LYS AS ABY.

Photograph by the Dover Street Studios.

is new in an art form, and if that art form be music, the intolerance is the more pronounced. It is understood that the Maeterlinck-Debussy opera, will be revived again next season, when it may meet with a better reception.

"Louise" and "Tess."

There may be some grounds for suggesting that the story gave as much trouble as the music to those who went to "Pelléas et Mélisande." There is not much to carry away from "Louise" in the form of conventional melody, but M. Charpentier's opera has triumphed almost as emphatically as M. Debussy's has failed. It was the atmosphere of Montmartre, the vivid palpitating actuality of the story that made the success of "Louise," just as the rare, elusive fairy-tale, with its complex, subtle emotions, made M. Debussy's master-work impossible to those who look to Covent Garden for the supply of crude passion set to sensuous music. Of "Tess" it is not easy to write, for one feels that the composer has taken the masterpiece of Thomas Hardy in vain. There is much impassioned writing, there are many beautiful moments, but the man whose devotion to letters is as keen as his love of music, may find himself intolerant of the interpretation in terms of music of a great work of fiction from which so many of the "fine shades" disappear altogether.

COMMON CHORD.



The Sunbeam Shows Its Mettle.

The Sunbeam Motor Company, of Wolverhampton, is the second firm to take advantage of the new monthly Trials organised by the Royal Automobile Club. The car submitted was a 22-38-h.p. Sunbeam, and the trial consisted of a road run of 100 miles, winding up with a fast run on Brooklands, wherein a mean speed of a fraction more than fifty-six miles per hour was maintained for over thirteen consecutive miles. This, with the accelerator-tests and hill-trials, forms a most convincing and serviceable trial for medium and low-powered cars.

The Proof of the 12-14-h.p. Argyll.

Last week was a week of certificates. In addition to that above quoted, another concerned with that most valuable invention, the Challenge re-inforced inner-tube, the Scottish A.C. issued a certificate with regard to the official long-distance trial of the 12-14-h.p.

presentment of direct information which shall enable motorists to pass through towns and issue therefrom by the route they are desirous of following. At the moment, I cannot recall a single town in which this has been really properly done, although I could instance scores of places where a motorist is bound to go wrong again and again unless he stops two or three times for local direction.

If Motor-Cycles, Why not Cars?

By the fact that the Isle of Man authorities have legalised the Motor-Cycle Tourist Trophy race over Manx roads, in September next, it is clear that similar facilities would have been granted for a car race had the Royal Automobile Club disregarded the alarmists and plumped for a race of some kind this year. In failing to do so they have let slip a golden opportunity, for had a race for medium-powered cars been instituted, the absence of any such event upon the Continent would have focussed the attention of



IN THE AGE OF FLIGHT: A RACE-COURSE SCENE—A POSSIBILITY OF THE NEAR FUTURE.

Argyll car, which was withdrawn from the Scottish Trial proper owing to the fracture of a washer. Keen to show that their famous 12-14-h.p. could ruffle it with the best, they sent the car over the Scottish Trial route under Club observation, and conditions identical with the Trial held in June last. For full particulars I refer my readers to the complete certificate which has been published in the motor-papers for the week ending July 24. It may be said, however, that this staunch car made the six-days trip of 1016 miles without a voluntary stop, and averaged 23.15 car-miles per gallon of petrol. The speeds up the timed hills were as follows: Cairn-o'-Mount, 12.2 miles per hour; Clash Hill, 16.9 miles per hour; Little Grunard Hill, 12.3 miles per hour; and Fintry Hill, 17.2 miles per hour. The engine gave no trouble of any kind during the trial.

Direction in Towns.

While all the motoring associations—at least, the Royal Automobile Club, the Motor Union, and the Automobile Association—appear to be in fierce competition as to which can most effectively and completely plaster the country with danger and warning signs, neither one nor the other appears desirous of taking over a work which, if satisfactorily carried out, would prove of immense benefit to touring motorists. I refer to the sign-posting of towns—that is, the

the automobile world generally upon this country. I cannot but think that the Isle of Man Automobile Club would have been well advised had they taken the bull by the horns and promoted an International race on their own account.

To Sieve the Magistracy.

There are rumours of the appointment of a Royal Commission whose function and duty shall be to inquire exhaustively into the why and wherefore of the appointments of the Great Unpaid. The *Manchester Guardian* hopes that such a Commission will find means to cure a public evil—namely, the appointment of men who are manifestly unfit to sit upon the Bench. It is to be hoped that the reference to this Commission will concern itself with the consideration of means by which men who exhibit gross impartiality and prejudice from the seat of justice may be removed altogether, and at once, from the magistracy. If evidence is lacking as to this, motorists, through their representative institutions, can tender it wholesale. The Magisterial Benches of this country have, in the past, been remarkable for much outrageously tyrannical conduct, but in no connection have they made a more consistently shameful show than the manner in which they have adjudicated upon cases brought before them under the Motor Act.

[Continued on a later page.]

THE WORLD OF SPORT

The "Classic" Horses.

Before Bayardo so decisively beat Perola at Hurst Park, it was a matter of considerable doubt whether the best three-year-old fillies were not almost on a par with the best colts of that age. Collateral running pointed to the belief that there was very little in it. Thus Electra, the One Thousand Guineas winner, had given Louviers a good race at Newmarket, and Louviers ran Minoru to a head in the Derby. After that, Perola won the Oaks in such decisive style — she would most likely have done so even had Electra not suffered so badly in the start—that one's idea that the fillies were not much behind the colts was strengthened. All those beliefs were rudely shattered by the dressing down Bayardo administered to Perola in the Duchess of York Plate. How unfortunate Mr. Fairie was not to have won this year's Derby has been made amply manifest these last few weeks. It has happened more than once that the owner of the best horse has been robbed of the Derby through force of circumstances over which no human being has control. With regard to Bayardo it was simply a case of not being able to train him owing to the weather. Last year, Mountain Apple would have won had the weather been favourable to training operations. In each year the Newmarket folk had better facilities than the "country" trainers. Hence, superior condition got Signorinetta and Minoru home. It only remains now for the St. Leger to determine how far good

fortune went to aid the King's Derby win this year.

Northern Flight. After the "Sussex Fortnight," which ends this week, comes what may be termed the "Northern flight." With the call of the grouse begins a series of most pleasant race-meetings which, starting with Redcar next week, extends over Stockton and York, and

few changes in the flat-race fixture-list for next season. Thus the second week, instead of being packed with five meetings, as last spring, will see only one—namely, Nottingham on the Tuesday and Wednesday, and Newbury goes into the fourth week instead of the second. The third week of the season marks an innovation as far as Metropolitan racing is concerned, Alexandra Park getting a two-day meeting on the Friday and Saturday, April 1 and 2. It will be interesting to note whether the experiment succeeds. Newbury and Newcastle Summer meetings will again clash, an arrangement that was instituted this year to avoid Liverpool and Newbury falling on the same dates. This shuffling of the fixtures necessitated Liverpool's last day clashing with Hurst Park's first day, as it will do again next year. With so many meetings I suppose someone is bound to be disappointed, and certainly Liverpool has claim to consideration. A new fixture next year is the two-day Bath Meeting, on Aug. 29 and 30, but Doncaster gets no Second Autumn Meeting as this year. Another change is on the last Saturday but one, which is filled by Lewes instead of Gatwick. The Bank Holiday fixtures are the same—namely, Kempton at Easter, Hurst at Whitsuntide, and Sandown at August.

CAPTAIN COE.

Captain Coe's "Racing Tips" will be found on our "City Notes" page.



ONCE NURSED BY THE QUEEN:
"ALEXANDER," THE TIGER.

"Alexander" was born at the London Hippodrome, when Herr Sawade was appearing there, and, as a cub, had the honour of being nursed by the Queen on one occasion. He is now three years old, but is still quite tame. He is owned by Mr. Carl Hagenbeck, here shown with his sons Laurence and Henry.

Photograph by Shepstone.

winds up with the Doncaster St. Leger Meeting. Although, with the exception of the last-named race, there is no event of great significance nowadays, yet the sport at each place is of a uniformly high class. Certain stables send a whole fleet of horses for Redcar, Stockton, and York, one such being that presided over by R. Sherwood at Newmarket. It is a rare thing for Sherwood to return from the North empty-handed; a year or two ago he practically scooped the pool. Notable amongst the owners who run horses at these meetings are Lords Londonderry, Zetland, Cadogan, Durham, Lonsdale, Downe, Harewood, and Farquhar; Sir R. Waldie Griffith, the Hon. F. W. Lambton, M.P., and Mr. R. C. Vyner. The principal handicap before Doncaster is reached, the Great Ebor Handicap, has closed with thirty-four subscribers, the most prominent animals being Spate, Old China, Pure Gem, Sir Harry, Wuffy, Rousay, Cargill, and Lagos. Thus there is plenty of material for a good race.

Fixture Changes. With Easter falling a fortnight earlier next year than it did this year there are a



THE PROPERTY OF A "SPORT": THE CEREMONIAL PIPE OF A BRITISH EAST AFRICAN CHIEF.

The pipe is two feet high. At the foot of it are two smaller pipes.

Photograph by Bensley.



A TRICK OR NOT A TRICK? A MOORISH SNAKE-CHARMER ALLOWING A SNAKE TO BITE HIM ON THE TONGUE, AT TANGIER.



BY ELLA HEPWORTH DIXON.

Idling with Dignity.

The visiting-season will soon set in with its usual severity—a season, for womankind, of unwonted idleness. For whereas Man, in his prowess on the moor, the average woman has no such solace, and is hard put to it, in many a country house and shooting-box, to find the wherewithal to beguile her leisure. It is not all beer and skittles for the ladies when their masculine fellow-guests are out all day after the grouse. “What I do here,” wrote Mrs. Carlyle fifty years ago, when she was staying with Lord and Lady Ashburton, “it were hard to say. To learn to go idle with dignity seems to be the highest aim proposed.” English country-house visiting—except in the length of the visit—has changed very little in its outward forms for half a century, and even the phrase “to go idle with dignity” is still characteristic enough of our upper classes, if not of that younger section which aims at amusing itself at all costs. To do nothing, and yet to look pleased and interested—this is the problem which faces the women-folk from the Twelfth of August to Christmas. For there is something a little crushing in the decorous routine of a well-managed English country house—the inexorable gong at stated intervals; the ritual of dressing; the languid, empty Sundays, the sense of guarded well-being, the elaborate pretence of enjoying oneself.

There are social rebels who cannot stand the country-house life under any circumstance, and certainly, in England, its very perfection is apt to breed revolt.

Vicereine and Charwoman.

In the halcyon days of Socialism, as predicted by so acute a reasoner as Mr. Lowes Dickenson, the gentleman who works in the sewers will be paid at the rate of a present Cabinet Minister, while directors of banks, Government officials, and men with fancy occupations will receive a salary from the State equivalent to that now earned by the picturesquely attired scavengers of the City of Westminster. This pleasing idea will, no doubt, recommend itself to those humble officials who now drive water-carts instead of framing Budgets, and a corresponding equalisation of the status of women will inevitably ensue. Thus, the “lady” who comes

up appearances on half-a-crown a day and a pot of porter. In that Utopian world, there will be famous prime-donne content with less salary than the tweny who brushes the stairs, and female physicians of high repute who must needs accept a State emolument inferior to that of the lady who sews on buttons. It will, no doubt, be a well-ordered world, but not a wild or whirling one. For the Vicereines will be likely to be a trifle depressed, and the charwomen more than a little arrogant.

An Obsolete Virtue.

It is a startling fact that, in modern young ears, the phrase “doing one’s duty” sounds dowdy and old-fashioned. Other virtues, such as courage and truthfulness, are now more honoured; and though we still make a practice of birching our budding dukes and marquesses, small boys of all classes are encouraged to be more individualistic, with the result that we are becoming the most selfish people in Europe. At the beginning of the last century, the inculcation of duty was sometimes performed by parents to excess, and a whole literature for the young, containing moral precepts and awful examples, has survived to add to the gaiety of a more careless age. Yet, however painfully it was driven into the naturally reluctant child, the child usually grasped the importance of this domestic and civic virtue, and acted from a sense of “principle” during the rest of its life. The age is careless, and the vagaries of the young are tolerated in a way never before known, but we may well ask if it is as efficient as when the more robust virtues were insisted upon. Admirers of the modern system, who spare the rod with doubtful benefit to the urchin, urge that in those days duty was made a bugbear, and that the austere virtues were driven in with blows, and made dismal with sermons. The diminutive public-schoolboy who opined that a certain distinguished headmaster was “a Beast—but a Just Beast,” had a very fair idea of the tremendous responsibilities of his pastors and masters. I am not sure that any small boy of to-day would qualify the noun with any such complimentary adjective.

Patriotic Woman.

No one can truthfully reproach Englishwomen nowadays, for not being public-spirited, for in all new movements which affect the welfare of this Island Empire they are inevitably to the fore. Within the past few days I have been urged to join: firstly, a Navy League; secondly, an Aero League; thirdly, a Yeomanry Ambulance Corps, all of which admirable organisations I here press upon the attention of the feminine readers of *The Sketch*. On the whole, I think the Navy League appeals to me most; travelling in the skies being to me an appalling mode of progression, while peaked caps and gold lace are suitable only to sweet-and-twenty, and sufficient agility to hoist a wounded soldier on to a horse on the battlefield is only to be acquired by long and painful practice in a gymnasium. But we can all of us keep the Government up to the mark in the matter of *Dreadnoughts*, and keep up a lively interest in those most engaging of all our contemporaries, the sailor-men of his Majesty’s fleet.



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USEFUL FOR THE SCOTTISH SEASON: A TWEED TRIMMED WITH LEATHER.

(For Notes on Fashions of the Moment, see the “Woman-About-Town” page.)

in to do occasional charing will enjoy the rank and privileges now appertaining to such personages as the Vicereines of India, Canada, or Ireland, while those exalted ladies will be hard put to it to keep



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FOR HOLIDAY WEAR: A BLACK STRAW TRIMMED WITH WHITE WINGS.

(For Notes on Fashions of the Moment, see the “Woman-About-Town” page.)

THE WOMAN-ABOUT-TOWN.

The Winged Lion. He came late, but still he was fêted and made much of while he was here, as, indeed, he should be, the French lion with the detachable wings that bore him smoothly over the dreaded silver streak. I wonder if in the next twenty years we shall be buying aeroplanes as we now buy motors, and devising clothes and trunks and food-cases for the air as we do now for the road? Shall we have entrances on the roofs of our houses for visitors arriving that way? Shall we be making afternoon engagements in Paris, and returning to dine and go to the Opera in London? Shall we be able to get over to St. Petersburg and see the famous dancers, stay a week-end, and come back for a Tuesday-afternoon wedding? Will trains and steamers become merely conveyances for baggage, while we ourselves fly whither-soever we would go? What aerial games will be invented? There is no limit to the prospects opened to us by the fact that M. Blériot flew like a bird from France to England.

The Last Dress Show. Of smart and fashionable dress the last show of this season was at the last days of Goodwood. They were not old friends that we saw on the

lawn and in the paddock of what is probably the prettiest race-course in the world, certainly the prettiest in Britain. Quite new, fresh summer gowns, worn irrespective of the previous behaviour of the weather and of damp grass. There was a strong hint of the return of frillies about some of them—a hint that is, I believe, generally welcomed. Now that the Directoire has degenerated into the mediæval, women are tired of it. The latter is merely a rather sloppy version of the former, enabling women who are not thin almost to emaciation to wear travesties of Directoire dresses. These Moyen Age clothes are apt to be donned carelessly, and, in any case, they give no encouragement for the modiste's art. In linen and canvas and cotton these gowns are called "jumpers," because one jumps into them. The name is suggestive of what I mean. So long as Directoire dresses were exclusive and were worn only by those whom they suited, their vogue was secure. Now the Moyen Age effects will kill the Directoire craze, and we shall go back to dainty frillies and becoming furbelows. The hints at the last dress show of the season will be adopted!

Cowes Clothes. The Regatta week at our yachting centre calls for a different kind of dress to any during the year. Time was when we decked our serge and linen gowns with all sorts of nautical emblems—anchors and rope-coils and life-buoys. Now there is nothing of the kind, Yacht Squadron buttons and possibly a burgee on a cap-ribbon are quite the outside symbolism a woman allows herself in her Cowes outfit. Skirts and reefer-coats of serge or flannel, or of linen or duck, if the days be sunny, are the chief wear. This year shoes will be more than ever worn to match skirts in colour. As to headgear, straw-hats trimmed with ribbon and wing feathers, sailor-hats, soft caps, and even sun-bonnets, when sitting on deck on the yachts in the sun, are indulged in at Cowes. Save for Church Parade on Sunday, dress-hats are never seen. The plainer the clothes, the better style; but in cut and style they must be immaculate.

For the Moors and Streams. On "Woman's Ways" page a drawing will be found of tweed trimmed with leather, such as will be most useful for the Scotch season, whether the wearer intends to shoot or not. A hat, of which a drawing appears on the same page, is of black straw trimmed with white wings—quite a suitable one for holiday wear at a smart seaside resort.

'Goodwash.' This was the word to describe the first day of the Goodwood Meeting. It rained steadily and heavily from the opening to the close thereof, and for many hours after. The most lovely of all our racecourses was a soaked swamp, and the swish of the rain made a monotonous accompaniment to the dulcet cries of the bookies. There were ladies there, lots of them, and they managed to look quite as if they liked it. Why I revert to it is because the ladies rose so well to the occasion. The Queen, in her

pretty pale heliotrope costume, and Princess Victoria in hers of grey and a grey blue toque, seemed in the best of spirits and interested in everything. The King, too, never seemed to give the depressing surroundings a thought. Although the ladies were suitably dressed, they looked quite smart. It really was difficult to realise the deluge and the spoliation of all the usual and most delightful features of the meeting, from the aspect of those present. It is true that we don't know when we are beaten, it is also true that we won't know when we are depressed!

Carrying Valuables. No amount of disagreeable experiences seems to teach us how to be careful of our jewellery. Mrs. Kenneth Wilson lost a jewel-case in which were valuables to the extent of £5000, owing to its having been placed with a mass of other luggage which was being taken to King's Cross Station on a cab. If anyone uses a receptacle for valuables ostensibly a dressing-case or a jewel-case, it should never be allowed to leave the owner or her servant's possession. It is always far better to wear pearls when travelling, and is very good for the gems to be on the skin. A lady in America who is known to have superb diamonds, carries them in a brown-paper parcel. A woman I know has a chamois-leather pocket for her gems suspended beneath her skirt. There are dozens of ways of securing our treasures; the trouble is that we never believe in robbers until they have robbed us!

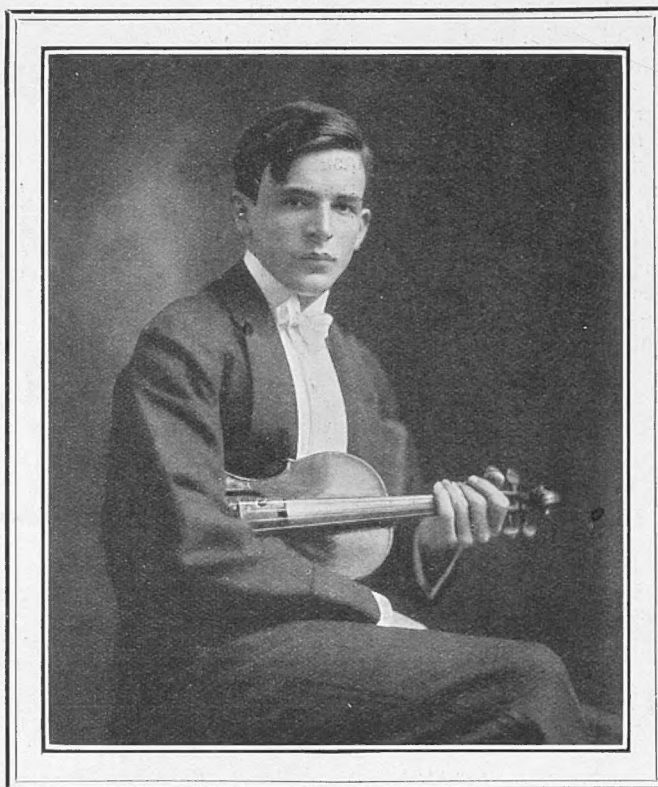
GENERAL NOTES.

The Prince and South Africa. There is high authority for stating that the Prince of Wales is seriously considering the possibility of going to South Africa next year to open the first session of the United Parliament there. It will be remembered, of course, that his Royal Highness performed a similar ceremony at the Opening of Parliament in the Commonwealth of Australia. No formal invitation has so far, however, been forwarded to the Prince. So soon as this invitation is received the Prince will give the matter his most careful attention, and if he can possibly fit it in with his other arrangements he will go. It is not anticipated at the moment in Court circles that the Princess will accompany the Prince, but there is a great probability that he will take Prince Edward of Wales with him. The young Prince will then have completed his studies at Dartmouth, and it is believed that his father will take this opportunity to show his eldest son something of the British Empire beyond the seas.

In at the Death. A Yorkshireman should not be a Yorkshireman for nothing—he should die game. A particularly charming tribute to the late Conyers Scrope, of Danby Hall, appearing in the *Stonyhurst Magazine*, should be read in conjunction with one of the clauses of his will, for in the one we learn that the Squire hastened his end by the falls he had as a valiant point-to-point racer; and in the other is the bequest of a silver challenge cup to be competed for annually by horses owned by farmers of the Bedale Hunt.

Ifs and Air-Fleets. Mr. William Gillett, writing from the Bachelors', says that "if" every member of a club gave a guinea to the National Air-ship Fund we might have an Aerial Fleet—and tinkers would have much trade. Of the making of supposititious "ifs" there is verily no end. If all bachelors, for instance, gave a guinea to the said Fund; or all people who mention the word "radium," or all people who preposterously proclaim their parties in the *Morning Post*! Mr. Gillett, who might be liable for the tax under a variety of schedules, has meanwhile covered himself by a contribution of ten guineas—receiving in return just ten lines in his favourite morning paper. But perhaps clubmen in general, lacking funds or feelings for this form of expenditure, may rather fret beneath the beckoning finger of Mr. Gillett. Mr. Lloyd-George is on the watch for new sources of revenue; and a tax on Club membership will be particularly popular—with non-members.

Messrs. Bewlay and Co., Ltd., (the importers of the Flor de Dindigul Cigar), have just opened a branch at 379, Oxford Street (Bond Street Tube Station) for the convenience of their West End customers.



TO VISIT AMERICA AGAIN IN THE AUTUMN:
MR. ALBERT SPALDING.

Mr. Spalding has just completed his American tour, during which he gave forty orchestral concerts. It is a certain sign of his success that he is to go to America again in the autumn. After that he will make a general European tour, playing in England in December.—[Photograph by Gessford.]

CITY NOTES.

"SKETCH" CITY OFFICES, 5, QUEEN VICTORIA STREET, E.C.

The Next Settlement begins on Aug. 10

THE SETTLEMENT.

THE Settlement was easily adjusted, and showed that the bull account in almost every department was considerably reduced. In Pahangs there is clearly a bigish bear account, which may mean that somebody knows something, or may even be a good thing for holders, but we incline to the former explanation. The expected increase in the Steel dividend, on which three to one was freely laid in the House, came off, and the common stock has been put upon a 3 per cent. basis, so that it was not surprising that Yankees have been good all round. Although we know that the market is very artificial and completely controlled by the "bosses" in New York, we should not like to be a bear of Yankee Rails, especially if we had to go away for a holiday.

THE STOCK EXCHANGE AUTUMN SALE.

There wasn't a bargain doing in the House. There wasn't a vacant seat, and my feet ached intolerably. Every broker seemed to be away: every authorised clerk must have been in the office dictating letters—or in Lyons' playing dominoes. Ennui and dejection; dullness and weariness. It was enough to drive a man to drink, or suicide, or the Reading Room. I chose the third alternative, and fled up the stairs.

It is really rather funny to see all those fellows asleep on the sofa-like resting-places. Everything is very still, and it is an immense relief to sink on to the comfortable red seats. By Jove! they do look funny, though, these men in all sorts of weird attitudes. Any paper will do. Nothing in it, as usual. Glad I came up here. It's so peaceful. Such a capital place for thinking. Bet that man yawning over there will be asleep in two minutes. Wonder why yawning is so infectious? Wonder whether—whether—whether—

The Shop-Walker smiled with a highly superior air.

"Of course, we are busy to-day, Sir. It's our annual Autumn Bargain Sale. That's why all those gentlemen are rushing about so eagerly. I beg your pardon? Oh yes, the Consol counter. Here you are. Pray take a seat."

But sitting down never did appeal to me, and besides, there were dozens of men hastily turning over huge bundles of all kinds of highly-coloured papers—Bank of England stock-receipts, they looked like.

"Can't possibly do better than this, Sir," said one of the harassed assistants, who looked strangely like—however, we won't say. "India Three-and-a-Half per Cents. are being practically given away. We've only got a few thousands left, and even if you have to put them away till next summer, I feel sure you won't regret—"

"Pass along there, please," said one of the waiters.

"Here we have a really extraordinary offer of cheap stocks," said a pleading voice in the Home Railway market. "You will see nothing cheaper than this in the Stock Exchange," and he held up Doras and Berthas. "Double-width, name stamped on every certificate, uncrushable, and dust-resisting. I can guarantee—"

"That the prices will be higher three months hence?"

"Certainly. Why, all our prices are bound to improve after this lot is cleared off. We can't possibly repeat the same things. And there isn't much floating stock, either," he added confidentially. "I don't mind guaranteeing—"

"But who guarantees the guarantor?"

"That's a direct libel on my—on my—I'll take you upstairs. 'Pon my word—"

"Come over here. No quarrelling, and everything marked in plain figures. The Yankee Market has some desperately cheap lines—"

"Unions and Chesapeake here, Sir. Made of material ideal for Monte Carlo, Wall Street, or any other stepping-stone to the workhouse. Take Unions, for instance. They'll stretch until they burst. They will indeed."

"I quite believe it," said I, politely. "Excuse me a minute."

"We never attempt to induce our customers to purchase, of course, but if you want something a little bit out of the Steel common, let me show you Rocks."

"We've a magnificent range in all colours of South American Rails," said one of the managers of the establishment. "Can I put you up a parcel?"

"I don't believe they'll wash," said I, wanting to be off.

"Wash? My dear Sir, we water the capital several times a month, and they never fade. No, never! I assure you that I am telling the truth."

"Some of it," commented a low voice at my side. "Come over here."

"Mexican Rails? Yessir. Giving them away, that's what we are doing. Specially suited for a bull's garden-party, and Seconds make a highly successful tonic against the blues. Go down? Yes, they go down quicker than butter on a hot day. Oh, I beg pardon. I didn't quite understand. They will go up—London's lowest. Always."

I instinctively asked if he kept a monoplane in the basement.

"If it's toys you want, step this way," cried a man, as he dragged me into a very Miscellaneous collection. The air was full of rubber toys, most of them bouncing up to enormous heights.

"Never coming down. Will stay up for years. Buy them for your grandchildren. They haven't started to rise yet. What's to stop them? Look at the demand for rubber. The smartest and most stylish speculation in the Stock Exchange."

"Isn't there a Punch and Judy Show?" asked a contemptuous voice.

"No, Sir, but we have a wonderfully fine collection of waxworks, life-size, if you'll step this way."

I followed, up some steps. We went into a room, warm, quiet, and with comfortable seats all round. Realistic figures lounged at full length on the sofas. I seemed to recognise some. One man—"Why, it's me!" I yelled.

"Allow me, Sir," and the waiter helped me to rise, while a reproachful "Sh—sh!" went up all round the Reading Room. Absurd to have such slippery seats! Anybody might fall off if he became lost in thought.

RUBBER NOTES.

All forecasts made in this paper and elsewhere as to the dividends which Rubber Companies will pay for the current year will be falsified by the wonderful price to which rubber has now attained, and although, of course, the present range of prices cannot be permanently maintained, it is already fairly certain that the average price obtained for the product for the whole year will be above all previous records. It is believed that some Companies have sold their production ahead, and will therefore not obtain the advantage of the present quotation; but the majority of Companies, at any rate, are content to obtain the price at the fortnightly sales. It would be well for investors, before buying shares, to ascertain whether the particular Company in which they propose to take an interest has, or has not, sold ahead, as this may make a material difference to the dividend for this year. Among the Companies which have certainly not sold ahead are the following: Bukit Rajah, Cicely, Federated Selangor, Highland and Lowlands, Peraks, and Vallombrosa. At present prices, these and other Companies are making a clear 6s. a lb. profit, and it seems a fair estimate to allow a profit of 5s. a lb. for the whole year's output. This estimate includes an allowance for a big drop in prices before the end of the year, although it is becoming problematical whether any such drop will occur. On this basis, the dividends for this year on some of the principal producers should be as follows—

Selangor	250 per cent.
Bukit Rajah	100 "
Federated Selangor	80-100 "
Palating	100-120 "
Highland and Lowlands	30-40 "

And so on. The last-mentioned is probably among the cheapest purchases at the present price, for the Highland and Lowlands Co. will, in a few years' time, be among the two or three largest producers, owing to the policy of expansion which it has steadily pursued.

Friday, July 30, 1909.

FINANCIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Correspondents must observe the following rules—

- (1) All letters on Financial subjects only must be addressed to the City Editor, The Sketch Office, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C., and must reach the Office not later than Friday in each week for answer in the following issue.
- (2) Correspondents must send their name and address as a guarantee of good faith, and adopt a nom-de-guerre under which the desired answer may be published. Should no nom-de-guerre be used, the answer will appear under the initials of the inquirer.
- (3) Every effort will be made to obtain the information necessary to answer the various questions; but the proprietors of this paper will not be responsible for the accuracy or correctness of the reply, or for the financial result to correspondents who act upon any answer which may be given to their inquiries.
- (4) Every effort will be made to reply to correspondence in the issue of the paper following its receipt, but in cases where inquiries have to be made the answer will appear as soon as the necessary information is obtained.
- (5) All correspondents must understand that if gratuitous answers and advice are desired the replies can only be given through our columns. If an answer by medium of a private letter is asked for, a postal order for five shillings must be enclosed, together with a stamped and directed envelope to carry the reply.
- (6) Letters involving matters of law, such as shareholders' rights, or the possibility of recovering money invested in fraudulent or dishonest companies, should be accompanied by the fullest statement of the facts and copies of the documents necessary for forming an accurate opinion, and must contain a postal order for five shillings, to cover the charge for legal assistance in framing the answer.
- (7) No anonymous letters will receive attention, and we cannot allow the "Answers to Correspondents" to be made use of as an advertising medium. Questions involving elaborate investigations, disputed valuations, or intricate matters of account cannot be considered.
- (8) Under no circumstances can telegrams be sent to correspondents.

Unless correspondents observe these rules, their letters cannot receive attention.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

VELOX PARTICK.—(1) Yes, we think the firm you name are different from the ordinary outside brokers, and that you may deal with them. (2 and 3) Yes, but we prefer the San Paulo Corporation bonds, and think them a really good investment.

RUBBER.—See "Q's" note.

O V. D.—The following might do: (1) San Paulo 6 Per Cent. Municipal bonds or City of Santos ditto. (2) Cuba Gold bonds. (3) River Plate Gas Ordinary shares. You will get 6 per cent. all round if you divide your money equally.

NOTE.—In consequence of the Bank Holiday we go to press early, and we must ask the indulgence of our correspondents.

RACING TIPS, BY CAPTAIN COE.

Brighton and Lewes furnish good sport for the wind-up of the Sussex Fortnight. Some of the following should win at Brighton to-day: Berwick Welter, Carntoi; Sussex Plate, Marchesa; Stanmer Plate, Roecanna; Brighton Cup, Sir Martin. To-morrow: High-Weight Handicap, Putchamin; Cliftonville Plate, The Jade. At Lewes, on Friday: De Warrenne Handicap, Viscount; Astley Stakes, Wolfe Land. Saturday: Lewes Handicap, The Major; Priory Stakes, Avalanche II.

THE MAN ON THE CAR.

(Continued.)

Double-Ignition—
Two Sparks that
Fire as One!

The wonderful performances of the invincible Talbot have caused many designers to put on their considering caps with a view to divining the provoking causes of so much success and efficiency. Now, in addition to the most scientific engine-design, the absolutely correct proportion of combustion space to charge, the shape of the combustion-chamber, and the most sympathetic relation of stroke to bore, I have always thought that the system of dual-ignition adopted by the Talbot Company is one great factor of their success. By dual-ignition I mean the jumping of two sparks in one cylinder. If my memory serves me correctly the Talbot people were first in the field with this double-ignition, and it seems to have served them well. The Electric Ignition Company think so well of this method that they are making a feature of plugs by which dual-sparking can be obtained.

The R.A.C. Tour-
ing Department.

Attempts have been made in some quarters to belittle the work of the Touring Department of the Royal Automobile Club by suggestions that the Automobile Association and the Motor Union were impelled to the establishment of touring departments owing to the slackness of the Club people. Nothing could be more untrue or more unjust. As a matter of fact, the Club was a long way first in the field, with the triptych system, and acquired so much kudos thereby that the remaining associations lost no time in acquiring similar facilities. It was a case of imitation being the sincerest flattery, for no department of Club work has been more thoroughly, completely and satisfactorily carried out than that of the Touring Department. The particular official at the head of this branch has made a profound study of motor-touring facilities all over the world, to the great profit and convenience of the members and associate-members. If one is about to make a motor-tour abroad, the information which can be obtained in return for an associate's subscription of one guinea is both voluminous, exact, and invaluable.

The Debt of
the Aviator.

Aviators must feel they owe more than a sufficient debt to automobile engineers, at least the particular section of those learned gentlemen who have devoted so much time and money to the perfection of the internal-combustion engine. The perfecting of the petrol motor and that alone has made such feats as that performed

last week by that intrepid flier, M. Blériot, possible. The machine itself, that is the aeroplane, was practically developed many years ago, by such bold experimentalists as young Pilcher, who met his death in determining plane areas and angles. By the light of Mr. Latham's two failures, it would seem that engine-refinement may have been carried too far, and that a little more weight and fewer cylinders would have ensured success to this unfortunate. We have scores of motor-car engines that will run without a suspicion of failure for days, to say nothing of half-an-hour, which is all Mr. Latham asked his engine to do. Aviators will surely turn to the more reliable and lighter forms of motor-car engines rather than the feathery boxes of tricks which have been specially prepared for them. Another section of the motor industry is also interested in aviation, for I hear on the best authority that the wings and tail of M. Blériot's cross-Channel monoplane were made of Continental aeroplane sheeting, while the starting and landing wheels were shod with Michelin tyres.

Acetylene and
Electricity.

Patentees and manufacturers of acetylene-burning headlights have only themselves to blame if the motoring public turn eagerly to electricity for the lighting of their cars. The acetylene people have not made such efforts as they should in trying to do away with the messiness—not to say anything of the uncertainty—of acetylene. Carbide of calcium does, of course, give a brilliant light, more penetrating, to my mind, than any glow from an incandescent electric-lamp.

Tubes in Lieu of
Covers.

The "Challenge" reinforced inner-tube is certain to have a very large use in the immediate future, and, having regard to its possibilities, I marvel that it was not seized upon by one of the big tyre companies and made all their own. I can almost conceive the time when folks will use these tubes in preference to all others, for more reasons than one. Spare tubes will be carried in lieu of spare covers, for, unless a tyre-gash be as deep as a well or as wide as a church-door, a fresh tube, and not a new cover, is all that is needed to bring one safely home. Then tyre-covers which would not stand under running pressure with an ordinary expandable tube can be used for many miles—indeed, right down to the knuckle with a reinforced. The facts of the convincing trial lately run under R.A.C. auspices are now widely known, and need no garnish. A thousand miles on a cover in which four holes, each an inch in diameter, had been punched, without issue of the tube, or any sort of stop, is convincing enough.



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